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READING ROOM

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ONE WHO NEVER loitered
 in a protected park can hardly
imagine what our forests would
be like if men did not have
that unaccountable desire to kill,
which is called sport. They would be
resonant with the music of song-birds and
bright with the life of their myriad deni-
zens who would recognize in man a
companion, and delight him with friendly
pranks instead of hiding at his approach.

Why not protection for all **all the**
time so that others beside the murder-
ously inclined might find pleasure in the
fauna of our glorious mountain land?



11. 6. 1919



THREE WORTHIES OF THE TIME OF MOSES.

Photographed direct from the Mummies now in the Museum at Cairo.

STODDARD'S ADIRONDACK MONTHLY

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No. 1

The Cruise of the Friesland TO MEDITERRANEAN LANDS

S. R. STODDARD



EGYPT, THE NILE DELTA



ALEXANDRIA, we learn from history, was founded by Alexander the Great, 332 years B. C. It is built on a strip of sand, cast up by the restless Mediterranean. Like a great open fan with ribs a hundred miles long and with a sweep of a hundred and fifty miles around its northern edge, is the Nile Delta, its great triangle of matter brought from more than 1,800 miles away. At Cairo, the axis of the fan, the many-mouthed river breaks, and radiating, flows through the spreading land like the raveled strands of a great rope.

Alexandria was once a city of half a million souls. It now numbers about two hundred thousand, one quarter of which are Europeans.



Pompey's Pillar.

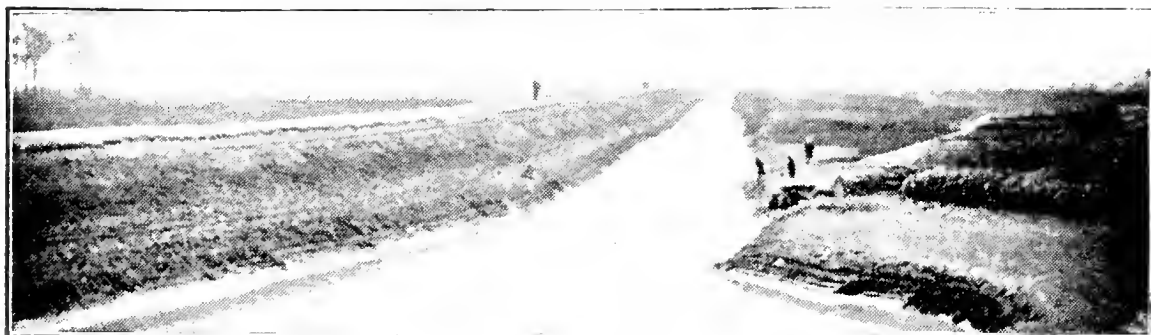


"Near to the earth."

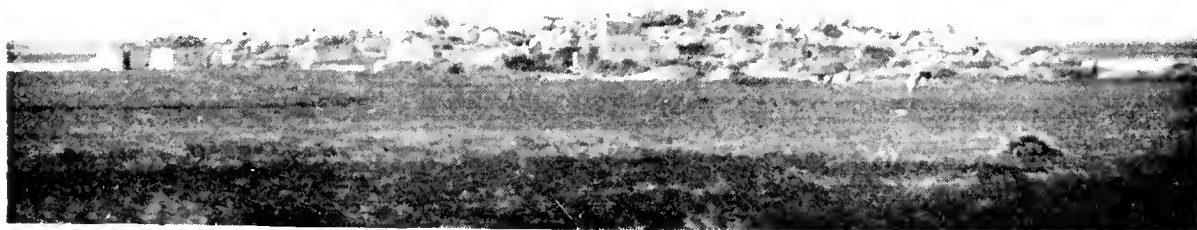
In early days it was the seat of almost everything. Poetry, art, music and the sciences were every-day matters. Here Eratosthenes exploited his geography and Sosibius pushed his grammar to the front. Here Archimedes shrieked "Eureka" and made his historic bluff of lifting the earth and here Euclid sprung his forty-second problem on a long-suffering world. Here, also, one Cleopatra came and encouraged the attention of certain foreigners, by name respectively Caesar and Antony, to such an extent as to attract public attention even in those days. Later it became the center of the Christian faith, where Christian and pagan alike by turns cut each other up in a bloody see-saw, with little thought of the golden rule.

Little of the ancient is noticeable about Alexandria now, except Pompey's Pillar, a single shaft of red granite, 67 feet in height, exclusive of base and capital. Cleopatra's Needle, which had stood at Ramleh, a suburb of Alexandria, for over eighteen hundred years, was, in 1880, taken down and now adorns Central Park, while its mate, which had lain for ages in the sand at its side, stands on the Thames Embankment in the city of London.

From Alexandria to Cairo is 130 miles. Express trains make the distance in about four hours. The road leads past shallow lakes and over long stretches of land that have risen out of the



An Irrigating Canal.



A Village in the Nile Delta.



Near Cairo on the Nile.

water by the added atoms of Nile mud deposited at each annual overflow, as all of the Great Delta has been lifted from the sea in ages past. Occasionally broad canals are paralleled or crossed, and small ones, out from which extend lateral lines of irrigating ditches, are frequent. Embankments divide and sub-divide the surface into squares, or connect distant mounds of solid earth which rise above the level of the water. On these mounds are the villages of the people, some of them considerable towns, with mosques and towers, some merely mud huts, huddled together without form or comeliness. Some are flat roofed or cane-thatched and afford a place where goats and fowls and children lie about in the hot sun. A better condition shows small domes instead of flat over the square walls as the simplest manner of constructing a self-supporting roof. Around these little villages are mud embankments to keep out the flood when the water rises about them in the annual inundations.

Gangs of laborers are at work along the way. They carry mud in baskets on their heads, taking it from the bottom of the ditch and dumping it at the top of the embankments. The water carries this mud down again at the next inundation, but it can be brought up again as before. And up and down and down and up, it goes in a never-ending round, for the digger

of ditches is not very expensive in Egypt. He gets for his labor fifteen to twenty cents per day, out of which he feeds and clothes himself. He is not particular as to food. As for clothing—it not uncommonly consists of a thick coat of mud and some wraps about the head and neck.

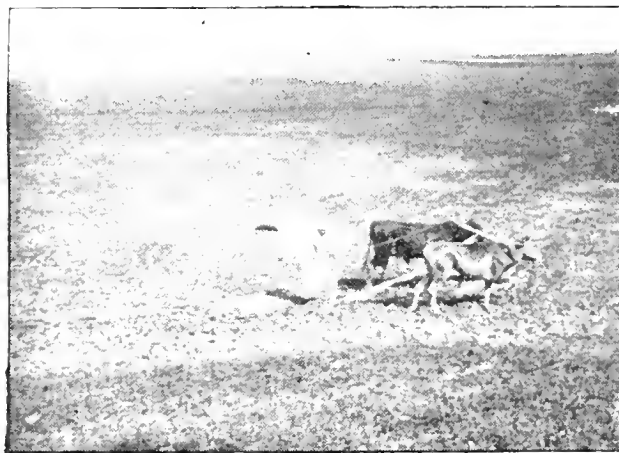
Egypt is no longer entirely covered during the annual inundation. Dikes shut the water out from places where it is not wanted and great storage reservoirs are filled and hold it in reserve until finally distributed through the intricate system of irrigating canals with which the land is covered. When the water in the canals is lower than the surrounding fields the means of getting it to the higher level are many. Sometimes it is a heavy bucket, swung between two men, who dip and empty into a pocket as high as they can reach, where other men dip and hoist to others at still higher points. The “shadoof” is a common sight in almost all countries, as represented by the old-fashioned well sweep and the “Old Oaken Bucket.” Archimedes’ screws—designed for this very place and purpose by its inventor—carry a continuous stream up the slopes of high embankments. The “sakieh” is a large upright wheel with a row of earthen or wooden buckets at its outer rim. The motive power is usually furnished by a buffalo cow, hitched to the long sweep of a



A Shadoof.



Fuel or Fertilizer.



An Egyptian Plow.



A Porter.



A Water Carrier.



A Donkey Load.

vertical shaft, which is in turn geared to the shaft of the water-wheel. The cow is often blindfolded—whether to prevent its getting too much enjoyment out of the scenery, or to encourage it with the idea that it will reach its journey's end sooner by hurrying in its endless round, is a question—and as it goes round and round the big wheel turns over and over, its buckets dipping water from the lower level and emptying it at the highest point into troughs, through which it runs off to the fields.

Through many classes the shades are sharply drawn, and like an Oriental shawl, the threads which harmonize as a whole are distinctly marked as individuals. The Fellahin form the mass of the population. He may be seen coming and going, loaded with the products of the earth. He is the tiller of the soil; the common laborer; the typical Egyptian. He is strongly built, heavy of movement and frugal as to food and dress. He eats a coarse bread made from maize, sometimes having an admixture of bean-flour. During their season he eats enormous quantities of pumpkins and cucumbers, which are very cheap. For special meals and occasions he dips his bread in a highly salted sauce of onions and linseed oil. He wears a white head-covering and a flowing—sometimes white or indigo blue—cotton shirt, or gown, reaching nearly to the ground. The women of this class wear a shawl



"Her Lord and Master."



A Cigarette.



The Donkey Boy.

or handkerchief twisted about the head—and, obviously—a single garment of black cotton, hanging from the shoulder to near the feet, flowing, and often gaping wide. The matter of fastening seems to depend rather on the temperature than on any sense of propriety. They live in huts made of Nile mud, which hardens almost to stone. Windowless?

What need has he for windows? His house is simply a place in which to stow small articles and to sleep in during the cold season. In the warm season he sleeps under the stars. He never changes. He is the same Egyptian today that he was in the days of the Pharaohs. He never rises above his class. He has an idea that he is not justly treated but does not go far enough to decide who is responsible. He is a mussulman by tradition and is sustained by the blessed hope that in the next world the other fellow will be damned and all good things come his way. He is a good natured beast generally, as is his brother, the domesticated buffalo. He labors patiently to get necessary food to satisfy his hunger. When that is assured he lies down in the sun and the flies come and feed on him. It would not be proper to say of an Egyptian “there are no flies on him”—because it would not be the truth. Flies cover the native as nimbi surround the heads of the saints. In the times of Moses, flies were sent as a plague;

now they are an unqualified blessing, for they are the scavengers of a people that know not cleanliness—a people prone to all the diseases that filth can bring.

The Copts are Egyptians also, but of another class and religion. They are nominally Christians, believing in the Holy Trinity, the Holy Mother and all the saints. They are more intellectual than their brothers of the soil. They are the skilled artisans of the town, the smiths, the workers in precious metals and to a considerable extent, the bankers and money-lenders.

The Berbers come from Nubia. The name is said to mean non-Egyptian. There is no love lost between the Berber and the native Egyptian. The native has a poor opinion of the Berbers, considering them an inferior people. The Berbers have a like opinion of the Egyptians. They are probably both right. The balance, if any, is in favor of the Berber, for he has peculiar ideas of honesty, which with a native Egyptian would be considered a weakness. He is the porter of the town; the door-tender and watchman, the coachman, the house servant, the cook. He does not marry the Egyptian woman. He looks forward to a return to his native land when he has gathered sufficient from the foreigner to carry him back with credit.

The Negro is of the very lowest class here and performs the most menial of services. Slav-



A Sheik.

ery practically exists in Egypt, although the law permits the slave to become free if he wishes. He generally doesn't. The old condition suits him best, for it relieves him of all anxiety as to food and a place to sleep.

The brains of Egypt are imported. They are found in the Turk, the Levantine, the Armenian, the Jew, and in all the various people who come from all the countries of Europe. The government machinery is Turkish. The fuel is supplied by the Greek and Jew. The balance-wheel is in the English Army of Occupation.

The most picturesque figure in Egypt's land is the Bedouin—the free lance of the desert; the wild rider; the proud Arabian. Of mixed blood and fire, he will rob you or make you welcome to his tent and half of his last crust, as the spirit takes him. Occasionally one sweeps down along the edge of civilization and is recognized as a man. Wild as in nature's form perhaps, but a noble specimen withal. His less noble brother may be found on the edge of the desert, where he has pitched his tent, and about him his camels and his flock. You will find him at Gizeh, among the palms of old Memphis and along the borders of the Nile. Sometimes he curbs his nomadis impulse and is found about the city as dragoman; as outrunner before the great man's carriage; as the wild donkey-boy; as guide and puller-up of winded humanity at the pyramids. Wherever met with you will at times see flashes of his fiery nature breaking out—Pride in rags, with the carriage of a King!

THE PHANTOM BELL

John A. Carlstrom.



ACK Harrington was a bachelor, a man of the world and of the clubs. As an entertainer he was a success by reason of a rare gift of expression coupled with a faculty of observation that had in turn been well developed by extensive travel. This made him the center from which radiated interesting narratives of all parts of the world and of all phases of life. His arrival at the club always meant an interesting hour for those present. That he was popular was evident and yet he had no actual intimates with whom he associated privately. There were those who hinted that he hid a dark secret beneath his polished exterior. As an evidence of this it was intimated that his ready answers, always direct when they touched on general topics were masterly examples of cunning evasion if the subject was directed toward his own past, present or future.

It was also hinted that his frequent excursions from New York were never satisfactorily explained and the fact that he was never known to make anyone his confidant added to the suspicions of those who doubted him.

These doubters threw a cloud of mysticism around the man that certainly had the appearance of being unjust, at least from one point of view; for after all he minded his own affairs and that was more, perhaps than did his accusers.

At any rate I decided to dispel the illusion by cultivating his confidence, of which he had already given evidence that it would not be distasteful. It was generally acknowledged at the club that I was a little closer to Jack than anyone else of his associates. I found him less reticent than I had expected and soon it became a matter of general remark that Jack had finally found a chum and that I was that chum.

I found him a prince of good fellows and the cafes, clubs and theatres saw us much in each others company.

As we were both single we did the most of our visiting at the clubs, for the abode of a bachelor is often not much more than a place to sleep. Therefore there was nothing strange about the fact that I had never been at the place where he only wasted time in slumbering that could have been so much more pleasantly spent with congenial spirits were it not for the fact that nature exacts a certain amount of repose even though it can be trained to do with very little.

Sometimes outraged nature rebels, however, and demands reparation for the vital capital spent and that was just my condition where I found myself in June of 19—. My physician told me plainly that I must have a complete change of environments and recommended that I spend the summer in the mountains leading the "simple life." He forbade me to stay at a hotel, where the fare and social conditions were not far enough removed from my usual way of living and absolutely laid down as a law that I "rough it." I was to wear very little clothing, eat only the plainest food and live out of doors. In fact he suggested that I take quarters with some natives who lived meagrely so as to make the change as complete as possible.

Unless I complied with his instructions he held up before me the discomfoting thought that I might look forward to a broken health and an early old age as my portion, and ominously hinted that I might even sacrifice the later end of my life entirely.

With this prospect before me just as I had reached the point where I could enjoy life, the kind of life that an ample income and a willing disposition held out as the ideal of a gentleman of leisure, I concluded that it would after all be buying the future cheap by paying for it with a few months of the present.

Only one thing made me hesitate. I could

never bear to have it known to my associates. I therefore dropped a line to my friend Harrington, in which I stated that an important business transaction in connection with some of my financial interests made it imperative that I depart at once for London and that in fact I would be on the way by the time he read my letter and added that he be sure to remember me to all the boys.

With this off my mind I made hasty arrangements to have my apartment taken care of.

My physician had already arranged for a place with a family that he felt sure would not over-indulge my pampered tastes. The place was located in the Adirondacks, near Stony Creek.

The very next morning found me at the Grand Central Station, dressed in the regalia of simple life. Had any of my companions by chance, been present I dare say they would not have recognized me.

In the afternoon I arrived at the railroad terminus of my journey and was met by my host and driven up into the mountains in the direction of Livingston Lake, over as rough a road as anybody could wish who had the determination to rough it and was possessed of a disposition flexible enough to imagine they liked it.

The change from the Bohemian life of New York clubs to the Adirondack wilderness was

certainly a complete one; but I was not only resigned to it but even determined to stick it out.

Strange to say the restful scenes and even the dull, work-a-day life of those around me took on in interest that I had never imagined possible. Instead of finding it an irksome monotony, I found new interests that opened up before me with every changing hour. The glories of the virgin forests appealed to a hitherto submerged emotion, the wild inhabitants of the woods, the music of the woodland birds, the grace of the startled fawn, the ripple of the mountain stream, the grandeur of the imposing mountain, all thrilled in a manner only possible when you view them free from the critical prejudices of artificial life, from the standpoint of a nature lover.

My ramblings into the holy of holiest of Nature's temples, through the colonades of the stately giants of the forest and under the blue vault of heaven, invigorated my jaded body and was healing my mind that had been poisoned by the wines of folly of civilization. Here I found my true self. Here I heard the first whispering of a smothered conscience. Here I was imbibing the first principles of primitive worship. Here I felt the connecting link that holds in unity a creation and its creator.

No wonder I was making my excursions far-

ther and farther into the heart of this new world that had opened up a new sense in my soul.

To the warnings of my host not to venture too recklessly into the unbeaten tangles I paid but slight heed. There I felt at home as I had never done before at the club and cafe. Here I found companions that did not bore. But for the influences of civilization, that had even penetrated into the domains of the wild beasts, they would have stayed their frightened scampers at my approach. I began to realize that civilization upset things instead of adjusting them and I began to measure its effects by a new standard.

As my strength returned I climbed a rugged mountain and one day looked over its further side and beheld a gem set in a jeweled frame; a lake of unsurpassable beauty, nestled snugly in the embrace of the surrounding mountains, some of perpendicular abruptness, others of more gentle slopes.

This lake that nature claimed as its own and jealously guarded in its fastness, away from the noisy city had not yet been invaded by man. What right has man to destroy such a scene as this by making it a habitation? No more than he has a right to pre-exempt the choice sites on the celestial river and thereby crowd the angels to planets new where civilization has not yet corroded the realm.

While musing in this strain and bewailing the

very thought of a possibility of this glorious scene becoming profaned by human habitation a sound smote my ears that startled me.

Could it be possible that this was heaven and that bell, for such it surely was, was a chime of that sphere. From where else could such a sound eliminate?

Upon my return to my abode I related the incident, but instead of causing surprise and wonderment, as I had expected, I noticed a matter of fact look come over their faces, and on inquiry learned that I was not the only one who had heard the bell. It was one of the permanent mysteries of the region and by it hung a large and various collection of legends that purported to explain it. One was that the many who had lost their way and met their death in the forest were still haunting it and by causing a phantom bell to be rung declared their desire to have a church bell ring at a regular burial that they might henceforth rest in piece. Others, of a more primitive mental development, were persuaded that giants and hobgoblins were not mere figures of fiction, but that the mountain fastnesses still contained survivors of a now nearly extinct race, not human, that had furnished the basis for the stories that city dwellers, who were far removed from the evidences, considered untrue. That the natives of the woods were not doubters of the possibility of—

these things was plainly to be seen and that many had firm rooted convictions of their existence was soon demonstrated and evidence of all shades offered, such as that they had been seen by some one of their acquaintance.

That the pealing of the bell came from the vicinity of Wheeler mountain between Livingston Lake and Harrisburg was a matter of common consent, a tract particularly uninhabitable and almost impassable. In fact many experienced guides refused to take parties across from the end of the wagon trail at Livingston Lake to Harrisburg, a settlement with a stage route to Stony Creek. The blazing of the trail that had been done some years ago had almost grown over and besides the underbrush was so heavy that a very short distance only could be seen at one time. The sun was never visible during the foliage season and at no point in the Adirondacks does perpetual night prevail as there. The pass leads over a sharp rise and to cover the distance it would never occur to one that the climb is in a defile with a sharp ledge of rock on the one hand and a somewhat less sharp defined line of defence on the other. Into this wilderness I ventured, determined to solve the riddle of the bell that was puzzling the natives and as I could find no one willing to accompany me I went alone.

The sun had never shone brighter than it did

that day but as I got well into the tangles of the forest the night of the woods threw its mantle over the scene. The mountains on either side served as an effective barrier to the winds and no sound disturbed the peaceful serenity. A sense of awe, I will not admit it was fear, added to the charm of the situation. Occasionally a startled deer or bird was seen and when I stopped to listen a muffled echo of my own progress died away as if unwilling to disturb the silence that seemed the natural state. In an abstracted manner I trudged on until I thought I should have arrived at the clearing I had been told laid near Harrisburg, but when I tried to settle in my mind from what direction I had come it suddenly dawned on me that an approximately direct route was impossible and I awoke to the realization that I was lost in the uncompromising tangles of the Adirondack wilderness. With no compass, nor sun to guide me I could not tell which way to turn. Five miles in one direction would land me at a stage road. Had I been able to retreat my steps the same distance, at the most, would have brought me to the lake. In one of the other directions impassable precipices barred the way. In the other hundreds of miles of wilderness laid before me. Perhaps I had been walking in a circle, as is usually the case when one loses his direction in the woods. I knew that at this season

of the year the woods were unfrequented and perhaps weeks would pass without anyone coming within miles of this mountainous pass. I sickened at the thought. I had no woodmans knowledge to aid me. I was in the grasp of the relentless forest; that yawning grave which never gives up a victim once he is in its grasp. A cry of despair escaped my lips but only a mocking echo answered. Additional darkness that betokened the closing of day gathered. I breathed with difficulty. I knew I was doomed to a long, lingering death. The thought drove me frantic. I rushed hither and thither to be only repelled by the stubborn resistance of a thousand obstacles. Had the means been present I would have gladly ended my misery, but even the opportunity of self-destruction was denied. I must linger to suffer the pangs of thirst and hunger so as to taste each stage of death in its most horrible form. Oh! that I were shipwrecked that I might find a fighting chance in battling with the waves. Oh! that I might instead be caught in a holocaust where destruction is swift. Oh! that I were a luckless navigator of the air, for there I might at least descend on a spreading tree or yielding swamp near a habitation. Here I had no alternate but to await the slow tortures that are his who enters the forbidden domains of the wood God.

Beasts and birds startled by the commotions

I was making seemed to laugh at my plight as if their ancient enemy had been driven to bay at last.

My next thought was for a shelter where I might escape the chilling dew of the night and in this I was successful, for a cavern with a spacious entrance was before me. Into the opening I crawled intending to get my shattered self together and reason out some logical plan to pursue. But fate had a new surprise in store. A cute bear cub came to receive me at the entrance and who was most frightened, the cub or I, was not determined owing to a new development in the chain of happenings that were coming fast and furious, for the enraged parent next hove into view and did not seem at all disposed to look upon my visit favorably and announced the fact with growls that rolled ominously against the cavern walls.

Not being familiar with the ways of bears I did not tarry to learn the meaning of the reception I was accorded, but the bear seemed anxious to have me know and as I withdrew the elder bear followed and as I increased my speed as rapidly as ordinary politeness permitted, the bear doubled hers and in a very short time was close upon me. Had it not been for a friendly tree that grew branches near enough to the ground to permit me to swing myself into it I should have been forced to make a closer ac-

quaintance with bruin and would perhaps been compelled to apologize for attempting to enter her abode unannounced. As I seized a branch and swung myself clear of the ground the ungainly brute, from mere momentum, tore through the underbrush over the very spot where I had stood but a moment before, but as soon as he could bring himself to a stop he turned to see what had become of me and immediately began to ascend the trunk in which I had found refuge with wonderful rapidity.

This seemed an undue familiarity on short acquaintance that did not meet with my aproval. However, as I was no more anxious to have a personal encounter in the tree than on the ground it was "my move next" and upward I went as fast as I could and the bear "followed suit."

I was getting towards the small limbs and could feel the tree shake with our double weight. I could go no further as the frail support could no longer hold me. The bear did not stop to reason out the limitations of a tree top's strength, in his eagerness to overtake me and one final effort resulted in the tree bending so that bruin lost his foothold and fell violently to the ground. As for me, I was literally shot as from a catapult and landed in the branches of another tree, some twenty feet distant. This tree, I found, had fallen from the mountainside, for indeed, in my earnestness to avoid the bear I

.

had failed to notice that the first tree was located close to the perpendicular wall of one wing of Wheeler mountain and the tree I had landed on had fallen from the ledge, some forty feet above the gully, but still clinging by the roots to the wall of rocks with its branches caught in other trees, holding it suspended in a horizontal position.

My safety now laid in reaching the ledge, as to descend to the ground meant additional cause for revenge on the bear's part, if he were still alive.

By a feat, bordering on tight rope walking, I reached the ledge and by doing some climbing that would have done credit to an Alpine tourist I reached the top where the setting sun revealed a landscape after the heart of an artist. I found I was on a table land surrounded by a fringe of trees and shubbery growing along the edge of the precipice thereby shutting out the view if a view were possible from distant mountain tops. From the precipice itself I beheld one of the grandest sights that ever met mortal eye. The setting sun shed a soft glow upon the ocean of forest below, beneath the surface of which the animated things that inhabits the depth roamed at will like the fishes that swim in the sea. The rolling sides of the mountains, beyond the ravine, seemed like huge waves and a feeble breeze that exposed the silvery sides of

the leaves gave a touch to the whole that resembled breaking spray. The mountains beyond were as other waves. Though lost and dejected from fatigue and excitement I was transfixed by the beauty of the scene. As the sun sank lower the hues of the waves, that never broke, changed.

What an inspiration for the efforts of the spectacular scene painter and how his cramped attempts withered into nothingness besides this stupendous and awe inspiring sight. My whole being become benumbed by the wonder of it all.

The last rays of the sun were now as a golden glimmer over the whole when—hark! The soft peal of the phantom bell fell as a benediction upon it. Unconsciously I uncovered my head in keeping with the spirit of it all. It did not startle me. It seemed so natural, so fitting.

I was rudely awakened from my musings by human hands laying hold of me from behind. Two men had approached and seizing hold of me in spite of my mightiest struggles and after blindfolding me, forced me onward in grim, wordless, silence. In this manner I must have gone a quarter of a mile. To my demand for an explanation I received no reply, they simply clapped their hands over my mouth and hurried me forward. To my entreaties to be left alone I was forced onward the faster. At last they paused and removed the hoodwink, but the latter was of little avail as the place was a veritable dun-

geon and the darkness appalling. There I was left without a word of explanation.

The only furniture I could find in groping around in the darkness was a cot on which I finally fell exhausted to spend a night of terror between sleepless uncertainty and horrible dreams.

In some manner the night wore away and day must have been well advanced when the door opened letting in a flood of light that blinded me. Some food was brought by a man who intimated that I was of course a spy, a government officer, like the rest that had fallen into their hands.

It was all plain to me now.

It was the stronghold of a gang of counterfeiters. The man answered some questions readily and volunteered the assurance that to his knowledge no one had ever entered their precincts and returned to the outside world. He even explained that their stronghold was practically impossible to find for it had its entrance through a cave at the side of the outlet from Livingston Lake between the upper and the lower flow and that by a blazed trail back of Lens' Lake entrance was gained from the beaten path at an unobservabde point.

The bell he explained, in reply to my inquiry, served as a signal and an alarm for the "gang"

and incidentally served to keep the natives in a state of fear.

The pealing that had entranced me on two occasions was merely a vulgar alarm for the benefit of thieves and cut throats. Later I was again blindfolded and led away. Shortly I heard voices discussing my fate. Immediate execution seemed to be the popular idea, but one voice pleaded that I be held until the chief should come. He was expected and might come at any moment and would surely come before the day was over.

While he was yet speaking the bell pealed and I gathered it was a signal for the arrival of the chief.

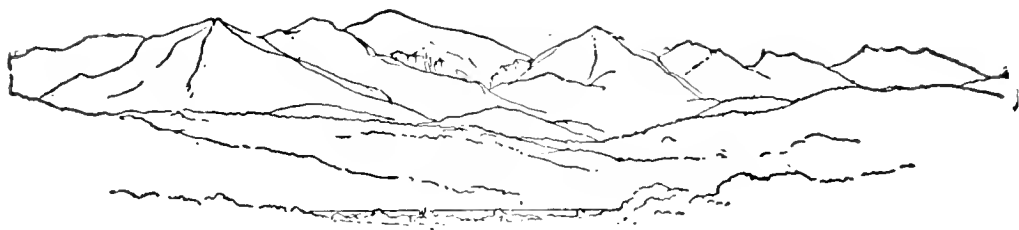
I heard the story of my capture related to him as he approached.

He entered the room, walked up to me and partly raised the hoodwink, but rapidly lowered it again.

To the amazement of all he ordered that I be lowered over the cliff and released.

It was Jack Harrington.

* * *



ADIRONDACK HIGHWAYS

S. R. STODDARD



THE Delaware and Hudson Road from Plattsburg to Lake Placid is varied and exceedingly picturesque. Leaving the United States Army Post on the right as the train starts south and the Catholic Summer School and Hotel Champlain on the left, it swings westward across the pine plains, crosses over a rocky gorge, through which the Saranac foams and tumbles, and soon takes the course that leads to Dannemora and the Wilderness Prison. Here, perhaps, one gets a glimpse of men in stripes, who, perchance, are considered good enough to be trusted outside the walls within certain limits—good behavior men who may be nearing the end of their term—then swinging southwesterly the train creeps gradually up along the side of Johnson Mountain. Backward down the long slope are side-hill

farms, and beyond, the spreading bottom lands through which the river winds toward the east, where in the distance is the silvery sheen of Lake Champlain, and farther still the faint tracery of the Green Mountains of Vermont with the lengthened form of Mansfield and the graceful "Camel's Hump"—the *Leon Couchant* of the French, its salients. Southward from where we climb, the sides of Lyon Mountain come down in wavering lines of forest notching into cultivated lower lands, beyond rises the sharp peak of Whiteface, and still farther away the mountains that cluster around Tahawus "*The Cloud Splitter*" of the Indian—Mount Marcy of today. This is soon shut out and we enter the low notch between the mountains, and broad Chazy Lake comes into view. The mining town of Lyon Mountain is on the flank of the peak that gave it name, sloping north and west toward Chateaugay Lake, which rests in the valley below.

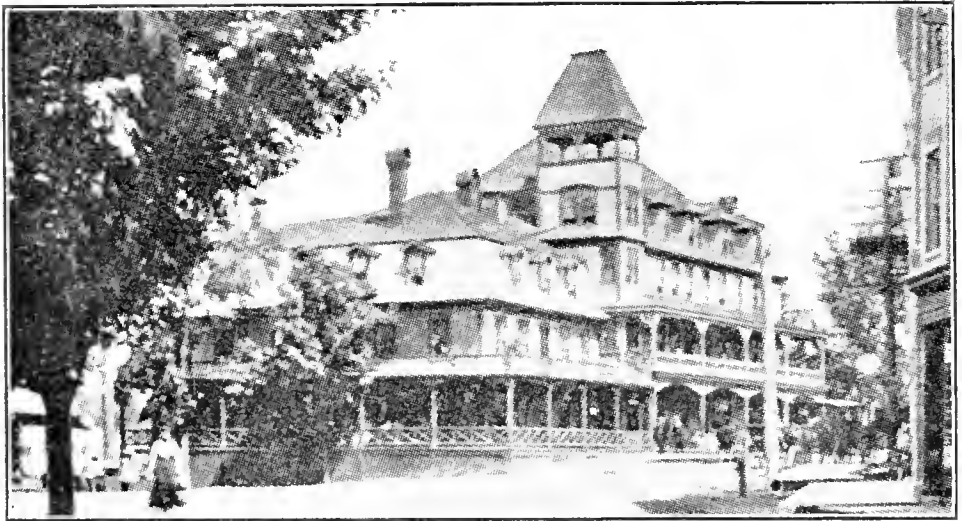
The mines are in the mountain sides and show great piles of screenings about their gaping mouths. Long lines of log cabins are in orderly array at right and left, now deserted and going to decay. The mines are owned by the D. & H., and this was once a center of great activity, but fire destroyed some necessary part of the works, and in the uncertainty of the law, which is interpreted to prohibit the conducting of a mining

business by public carriers as a menace to trade, the owners called a halt and stagnation followed. However, the passing traveler sees nothing of the misery and want, and decay adds picturesque-ness to the scene.

Sothward now around the west shoulder of the mountain we go, gaining a broad view of Chateaugay Lake and bordering forests; then stretches of hills, stripped by the lumberman of their great trees, followed by the charcoal burner, who took up the lesser, gleaned closer still by the pulp-wood fiend; then, when made quite ready for the final sacrifice, devastated by fire and left for nature to cover as best she might. And ever helpful nature is again covering the ground with verdure though the dead trees still stand in spots, a protest against the reckless methods of those who take no thought of the morrow or the rights of others to follow when they are gone. Here are seen rows of round-topped charcoal kilns, crumbling into ruins, for their need ended with the passing of the forges, and now about the only indication of business for this inter-mountain section is the occasional line of pulp-wood piled along the track.

Now comes an interval of twistings and turnings among a great number of little ponds and mountlets, then Loon Lake and broader Lake Kushaqua, and finally over upper levels we run to Blomingdale and the village of Saranac Lake.

Saranac Lake seems a section of a city dropped down among the close pressing hills. From the time it became recognized as the health center of the wilderness it has gone forward in leaps and bounds. It has many elegant residences with city appointments, held by people who have been driven from city homes when

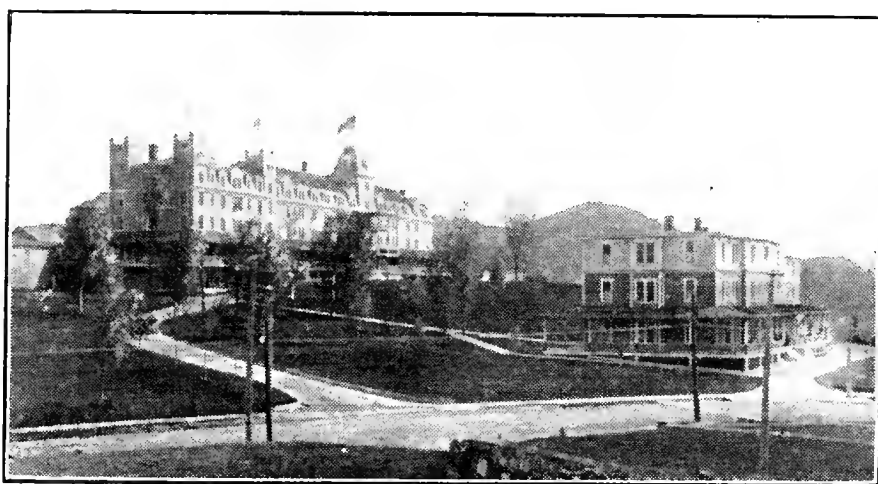


The Berkeley.

health went out on strike, and brought their city tastes with them. Here the invalid sleeps out doors the year round in a way that a short time ago would have been thought suicidal for a well man, but provisions are also made for the bodily comfort of the efete healthy, and you can take your choice in public or private way, "Riverside Inn" and the "Berkeley," with its grill

room and private dining room for festive occasions being quite up to date.

Ten miles east is Lake Placid, Queen of Adirondack resorts, if its phenomenal growth be worthy of title. When I first visited that sec-



Stevens House and Annex.

tion (in 1873) only one hotel was there—a weather beaten old house known as “Brewster’s” standing on ground now occupied by the Lake Placid Inn, and Nash’s little red farm house. Now a thrifty village stretches from the old Brewster Inn to the railroad station, a distance of nearly two miles, and more guests come here than at any other two stations in the Great North Woods. Chief among the hotels are the Grand View House, the Stevens House

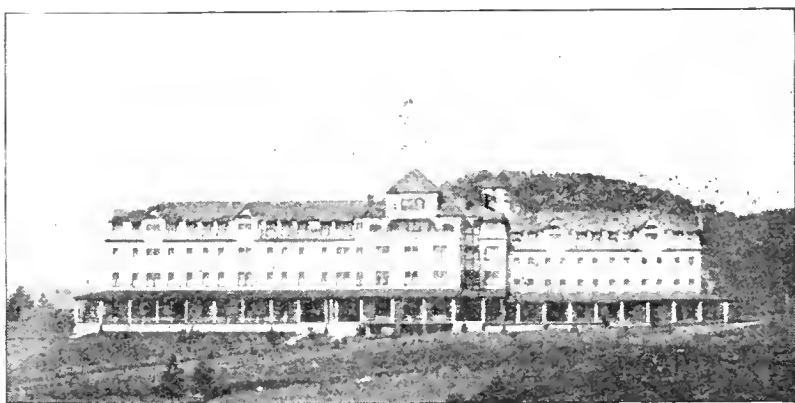


Undercliff.

Lake Placid from Eagles' Eyrie.

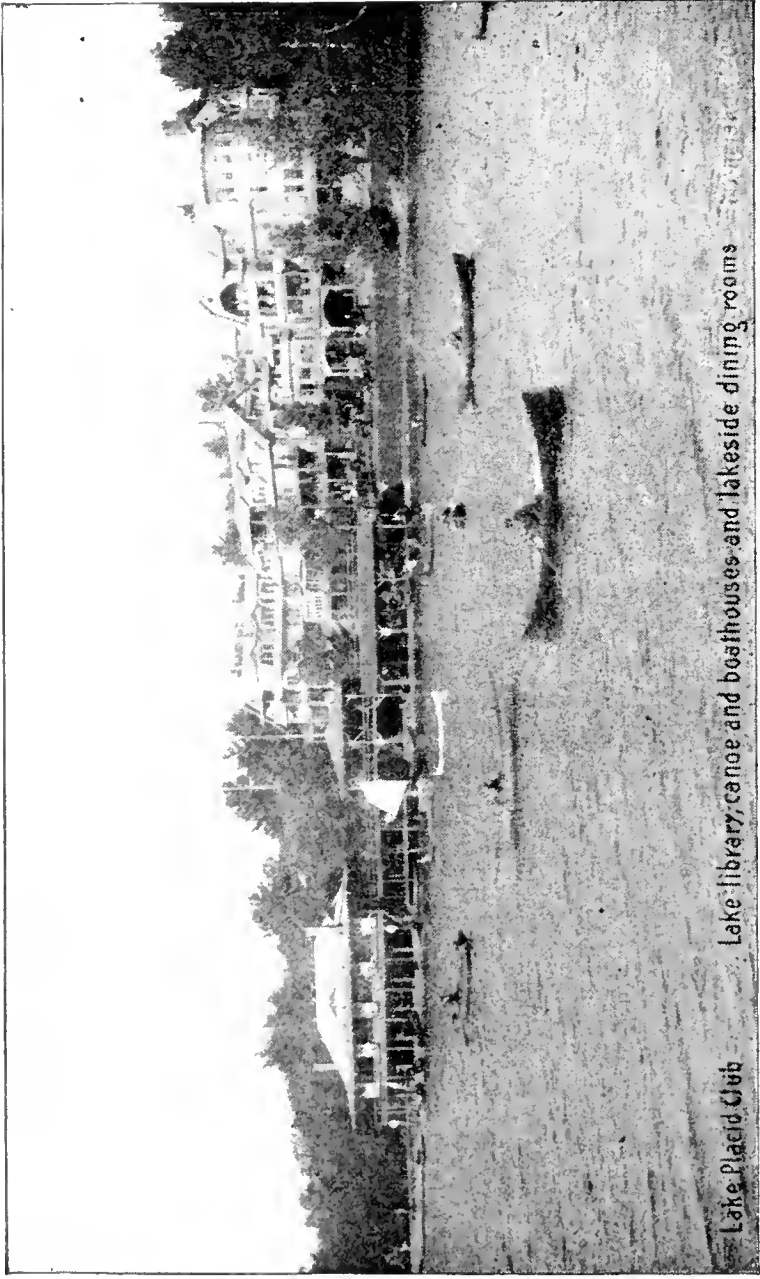
and the Ruisseaumont. "Under Cliff," a summer venture of Dr. C. D. Alton of New Haven, is on the woodsy west shore.

The Lake Placid Club must not be overlooked. It is unique among clubs in that it prefers bees to butterflies and brains to bullion. The club territory consists of about six thousand acres of park and field, with nearly two hundred buildings of various designs scattered about the east



The Grand View.

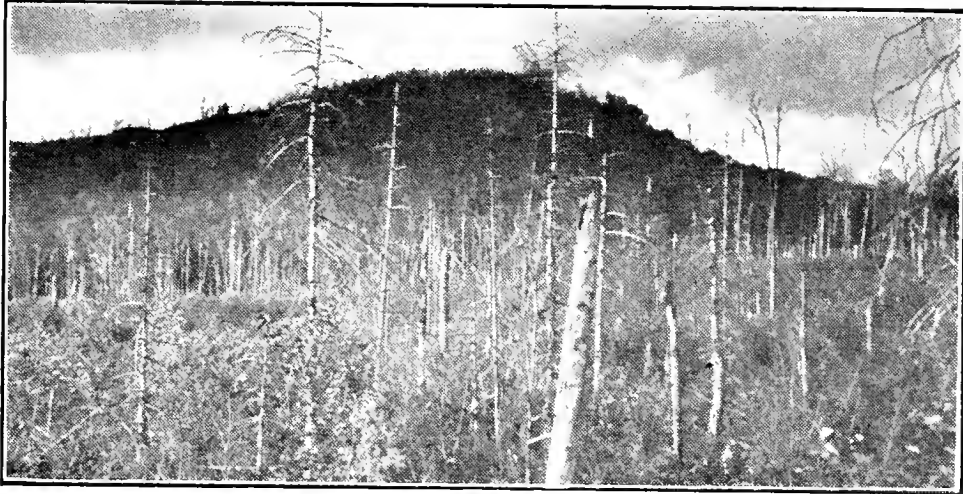
side of Mirror Lake and over the hill crest to the sunny slopes that look off over the Plains of Abraham toward the Great Peaks. Wholesome regulations prevail and an introduction by a member is necessary; then it rests with the visitor to show that he is one among congenial spirits. It is a gigantic experiment along communal lines where a one-man dynamo does the thinking for a hundred and never had a wire



Lake Placid Club Lake library, canoe and boathouses and lakeside dining rooms

Main Building of the Lake Placid Club.

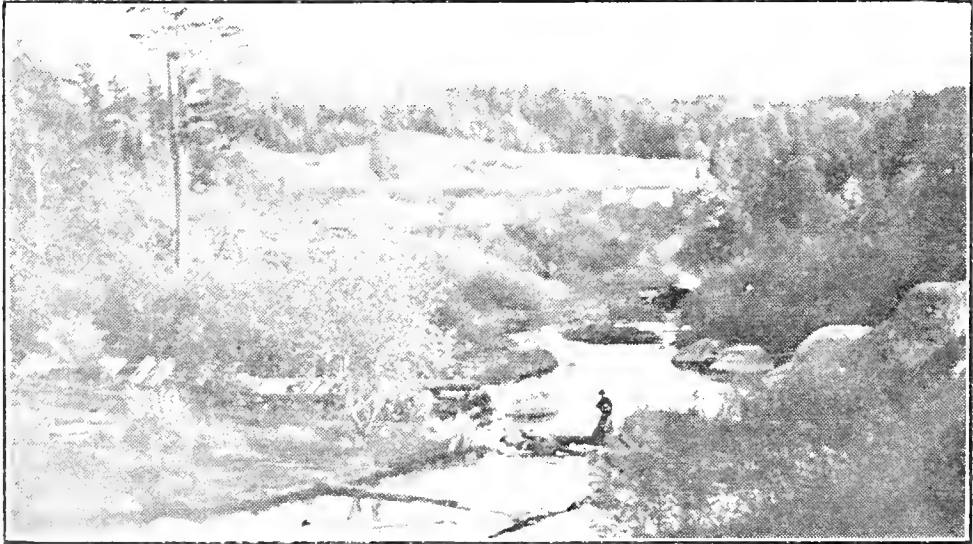
crossed or short-circuited—save only once, perhaps, concerning which consult Hebrews III, 11. And because of it they did him.



Standing Protests.

Between Lake Placid and Saranac Lake men were planting trees. There is need. Sections that have been “lumbered” and, following the lumberman swept by fire, show a forest of skeleton trees standing or fallen in an almost impassible slash. The work of reforesting may be seen along the road and on the hillsides in shape of baby evergreens set in regular lines and squares. The work here is under Forester Stevens, a graduate of the University of Michigan, who has a force of over fifty men at the Ray Brook Camp and at Club Hill near Lake Placid. The trees

are three to four years old from the seed and six inches to a foot in height. They are from the Axton, Saranac Inn and Wawbeek Nurseries



Ray Brook Camp.

and they consist of Norway spruce, Scotch pine and white pine. About seventeen hundred are allowed to the acre. All that is necessary in the planting is the making of a hole by means of a sharp stick or iron sufficient to receive the root. Then stand back and see it grow! Near Ray Brook are fields, once cultivated, now prettily checkered by the little trees which, once started, are expected to hold their place against all comers.

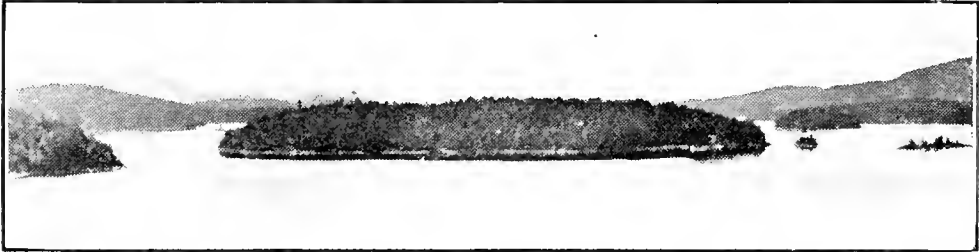


CASCADE LAKE HOUSE..

9 miles east of Lake Placid. The wildest Pass in the Adirondacks accessible by carriage.

Through the summer season two lines of little steam boats ply on Lake Flower between Saranac Lake village and Bartlett's at the foot of the Upper Saranac. Leaving the village landing, they run through connecting lakes and river to the Lower Lake, where entering midway, they turn right and left, one going to the various camps and to the Algonquin landing (John Harding's summer hotel, and the only house of entertainment on the lake since Hotel Amersand went up in smoke last fall. The one that turns south, following up the river, reaches the upper level by a modern lock constructed at the

rapids, then by winding stream to the Middle Lake and across this to the inlet—which is the outlet of Upper Saranac—to the Saranac Club,



Lower Saranac Lake from the Algonquin.

where of old, Bartlett, the Profane, held genial court for old-time fishermen. It was a ride to be remembered. But the boats were not yet in commission, and I must perforce drive around the lakes.

With a spanking team from the Fowler Livery hitched before a “grasshopper” buggy, we set out at 6 o’clock of the morning for the round. The day was perfect and delightful—overhead. And really, come to think of it, there was no cause for complaint, even though the “State road” was full of holes and the holes full of mud, for the “grasshopper” was staunch and as “A cradle upon the tree tops,” the team faithful and fresh and the driver encyclopedic. The way led through virgin forest the greater part of the way and—excepting an occasional clearing—showed no sign of woodman’s axe outside

the canyon of the road. Great pines and mighty birches, green fringed rock-maples, towering hemlock and spire-like balsams with their

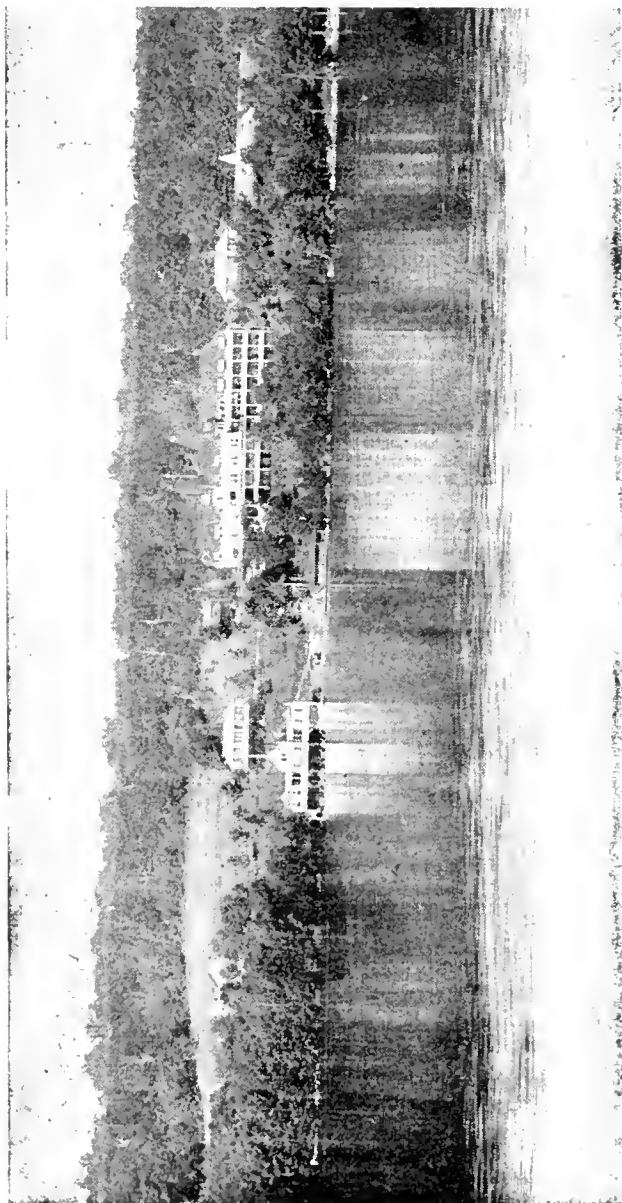


Rustic Lodge-Indian Carry.

delicately tufted tops bordered the way.

At Indian Carry Charley Wardner said "Welcome." Here, it is said, the level land stretching south to Spectal Ponds were once Indian corn fields. Now it is noted golf ground, where golfers come from various ways to tempt its hazards. Although called Rustic Lodge on the hotel list, the present owner has made his personality so felt that it is quite commonly spoken of as Wadrner's instead.

"Wawbek" is two miles over at the south and west. "Wawbeek" is Indian for Big Rock. The big rock is still there, but the modern Wawbeek is more comforting to a weary and hungry traveller. In place of the little log house of old hunting and fishing days, known generally as



The Wawbeek.

Sweeney Cary, stands a fine modern hotel with cottages surrounding, dominated from lake side to hill crest by the art spirit of its owner, J. Ben Hart, who leaves his imprint on everything there, but even if you are not dominated by art the place is satisfying from the hotel point of view.

The drive along the west side of the Upper Lake gave better roads than the early morning



Abandoned Camps.

run, with forests equally grand, though different in character. Here are mighty hard-wood trees that in some mysterious manner have escaped the devastating axe. A feature was the abandoned camp of the road-makers, a half-way notch on the measuring line where the forest was thickest before we came out on the more open, pond-studded section, where it twisted and turned about to get past the forest gems; then



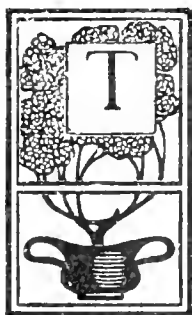
Saranac Inn.

other stretches of magnificent trees, until near the end, our way lead through a labyrinth of glistening white birches, to come out on the level lawn at Saranac Inn.

At Saranac Inn, somewhat to my surprise, I succeeding in locating the manager, M. B. Marshall, without the anticipated search into ninety-nine possible places where he was liable to be at this preparatory season of the year. While he kept the machinery moving by an occasional word here and there, we rested contentedly in a swing chair and went over old time reminiscences. A few guests were found here—enthusiastic sportsmen, who insisted on arriving before the big house was open, and could find no cause for complaint in the comfortable rooms of the smaller annex. But old days are passing. A number of automobiles were expected soon an, somewhat lugubriously from the manager, “It means good-bye to our horses. I suppose we will have to put in cars now to meet the wants of our up-to-date guests.

The swift spin over the perfect two miles of road between the inn and station brought me to the noon train, and my “Grasshopper” went back to its starting point of the morning by a shorter cut. The drive making the circuit of the three lakes is one that should not be omitted where one has the time—and cash—and Bombard is fair in his charges.

THE NEW GAME LAW



THE NEW LAW is looked upon by some as a vast, onward stride toward the protection of game in the Adirondacks. Its creators point with pride, not to say uproariness, to the fact that it will undoubtedly circumvent the wicked foreigner whose delight it is to ruthlessly slay song birds for pot-pies and stews, and who, incidentally, works on the railroad at a \$1.30 per. The astute creators of the law logically enough argue that the income of these hirelings of a vicious monopoly will not admit of their taking out twenty-dollar licenses very generally. No license, no hunt! Even a dago should be able to grasp this fact. True, the possession of the gun does not prove a man is a hunter, although it may be accepted as contributory negligence, but when the gun is found in hand and a bird in the pocket, it will be assumed that the party so caught is guilty. It is pointed out that the dago is habitually shy, but this difficulty can be easily obviated by the appointment of a few more game protectors.

It would seem that one game protector to a county is hardly sufficient to watch the entire district where a hundred or more occasional

hunters feel that their honor is questioned in their being watched, and therefore consider it a becoming thing to outwit the warden. This is the feeling generally throughout the woods and the licensed guides who might be put on their honor for the protection of game feel that they are under suspicion and quite naturally object. The remedy would be the appointment of these men who are competent to guide and make their license as such dependent on their strict adherence to the law. They need not necessarily be paid a salary or be expected to spy on others, but to put them on their honor as men would certainly lead to a better carrying out of the law than can the occasional visit of a game protector whose coming is, ordinarily, well known in advance of his appearance.

A twenty-dollar license fee by hunters who come from outside the State for the sport furnished by the Adirondacks is right enough. Also the payment of the small fee of \$1.00 by city visitors or those who may come from other counties is little enough, but to compel every man and boy who may want to hunt around their own homes to pay a dollar for the privilege is looked upon as an injustice and will tend to make many lawbreakers in their own land. To most of the families who spend their lives in the wilderness, where the boys are expert hunters at ten, a dollar is not to be thrown away in the pur-

chase of what they have always considered their inalienable right. Licenses should by right be issued to all residents of the counties where hunting is to be done, free or at such price as simply to cover the cost of making, the object being to distinguish between natives and outsiders.

The law appears to be specially a sportsman's law in which the residents of the district where the sporting is to be found are not considered. It is an injustice to the man who must spend his days in the section and should be entitled to certain rights of the ground. If unfavorable for cultivation and favorable for the maintainance of game, the man who occupies the ground should be entitled to rights in the game above that of the outsider whose money is made elsewhere. It is injustice to the visitor who may desire a bit of venison for the table. It is an injustice to the hotel keeper who is expected to supply venison for his guests, to get which he must ordinarily violate the law. Such violation is not uncommon among the hotels, whether the menu announces venison in various forms or "Mountain Sheep" as a substitute—which adds piquancy to the diner in the thought that he is partaking of contraband goods.

The law is an injustice to the younger generation of hunters and an injury to the Adirondacks in not offering to beginners inducements

that might be given if hounding were permitted under which the amateur might stand some chance of gaining a prize. The law is clearly a sportsman's law, favoring experienced sportsmen who find that still-hunting shuts the amateur out who might otherwise come in and monopolize the hunting to the annoyance of those who have had greater experience.

It is a question even if still-hunting is more in harmony with the Christian spirit than hounding. Hounding makes the deer wild and watchful and tends to send them into the deeper wilderness if pursued too closely. In the closed season they become tamer, even coming boldly into the presence of man as drivers along the Adirondack roads well know. They become accustomed to the sight of man and venture near when they find that no injury is done them. Then, suddenly, the season opens and man, taking base advantage of their confidence, slaughters them like the sheep they so closely resemble. Old hunters aver that they can kill more deer still-hunting than they could under the old way of hounding the wilder game.

And the fact remains that men are mistaken for deer and shot down by the experienced hunters, as proven by statistics which show that within the past year nine men were killed in the Adirondacks in that manner.

Who will be the first victim of 1908?

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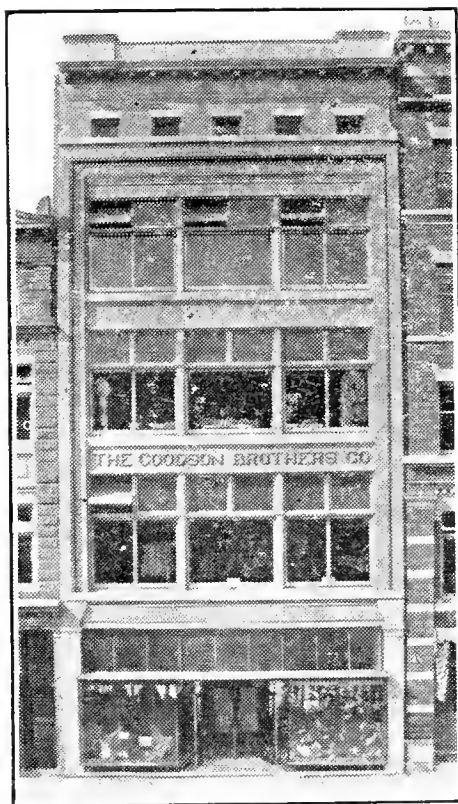
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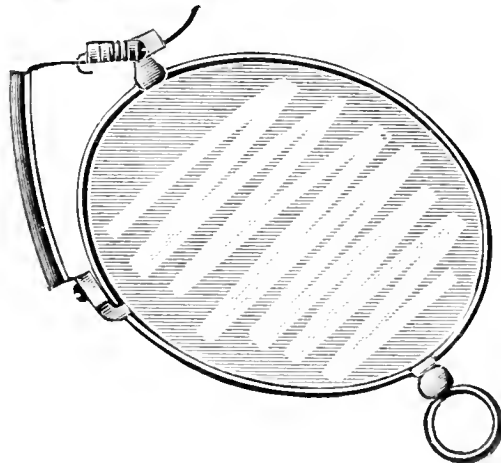
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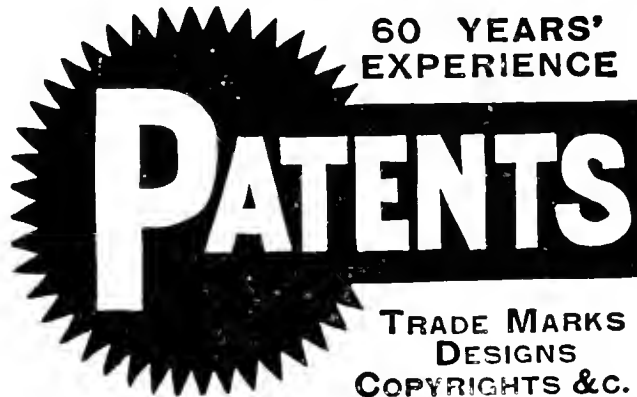
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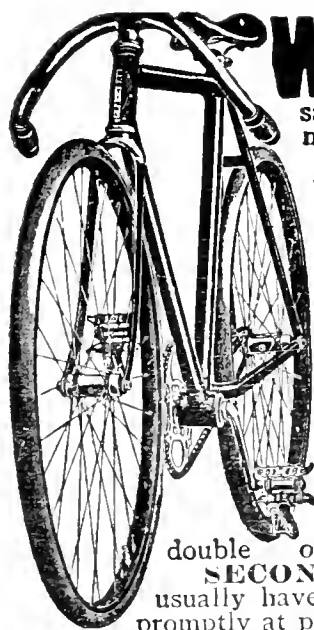
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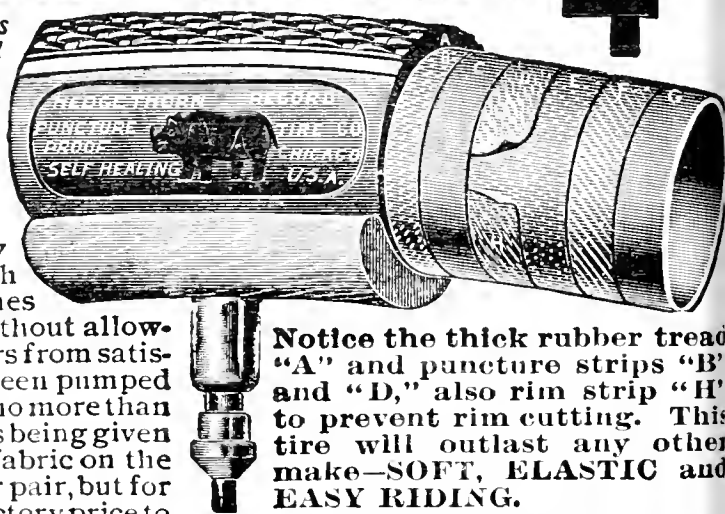
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Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D," also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make--**SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.**

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Lake George, N. Y.

The largest and best equipped hotel on the lake.
Remodelled this season at an expense of over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"Gateway to the Adirondacks."

Commands a most comprehensive view of lake and mountain. The crystal waters of Lake George, spring-born from its own vast depths, the dry, bracing, equable climate, the rugged mountains with their delightful valleys, precipices and ravines, have proven an irresistible attraction for countless thousands.

FORT WILLIAM HENRY has been a name that has stood for the superlative in hotel achievement for decades. In its rehabilitated state it surpasses any previous attainment and will cater to the world's most refined tourist class. No item of comfort or luxury is omitted. Every detail is in the hands of thoroughly competent men, and guests will find nothing lacking to make a stop at the Fort William Henry Hotel the acme of luxurious enjoyment.

AUTOMOBILE PARTIES. A new and thoroughly first-class garage has been established on a convenient part of the hotel grounds, and the management will make a special feature of catering to motor tourists.

For bookings, and all particulars, address

J. F. WILSON, Mgr., LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.



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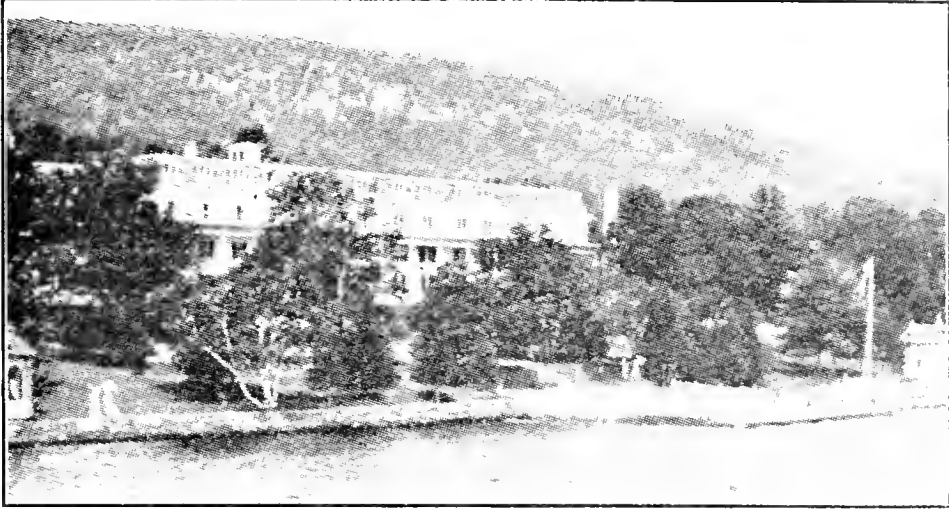
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STRICTLY FIRST CLASS

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structed on the lakeside.

ROBERT MURRAY, Manager.



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Electric bells and lights, gas, elevator, postoffice, telegraph and telephone in the house.

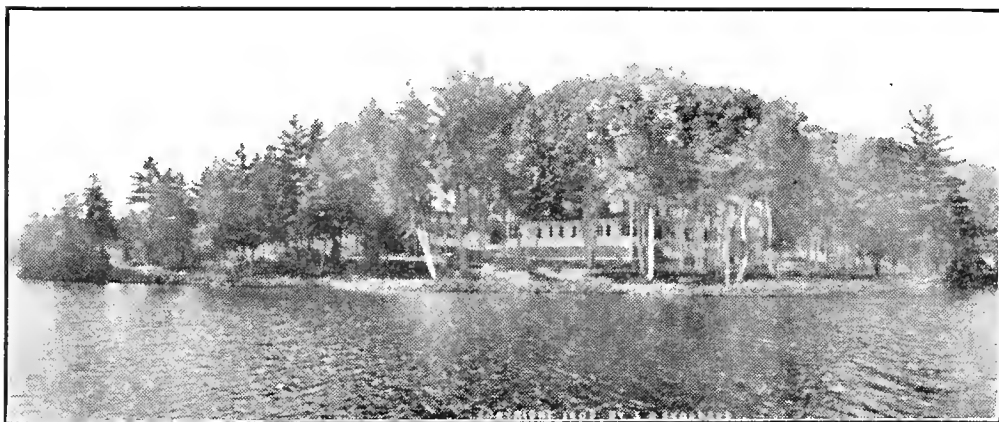
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Tennis grounds, croquet, boating, fishing, bowling, driving.

Book of particulars upon application.

Rates: \$3.00 up per day; \$15.00 per week single; \$28.00 up double. Special for families and extended stay. New Garage.

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BOLTON-ON-LAKE GEORGE.

"Just a plain, old-fashioned house where the young people can enjoy themselves, and quiet people take comfort."

Free transportation by steamer or carriage between Bolton Landing and the Lake View.

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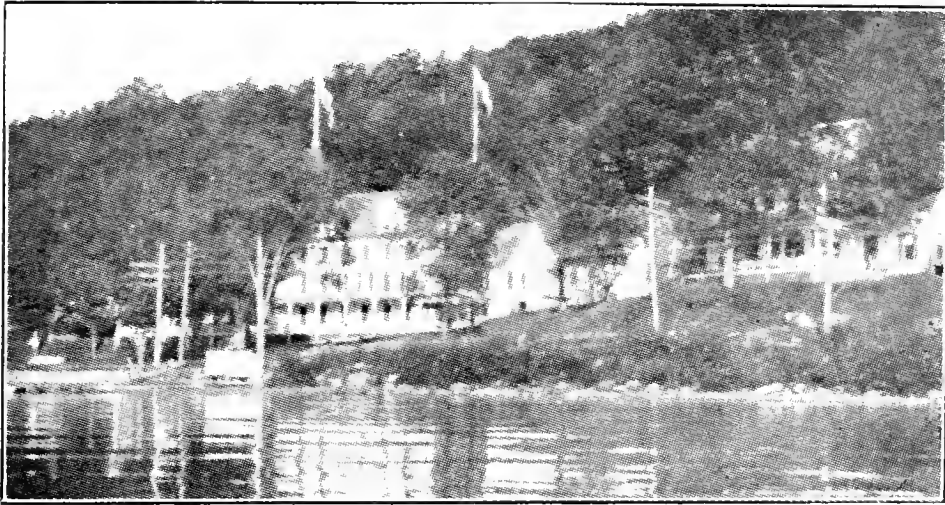
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EDWARD G. PENFIELD, Prop.



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Richard J. Bolton, Proprietor.

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WITH FRESH FARM VEGETABLES,
EGGS, BUTTER, MILK, ETC.**

**The Best Fishing Waters in Lake George within 15
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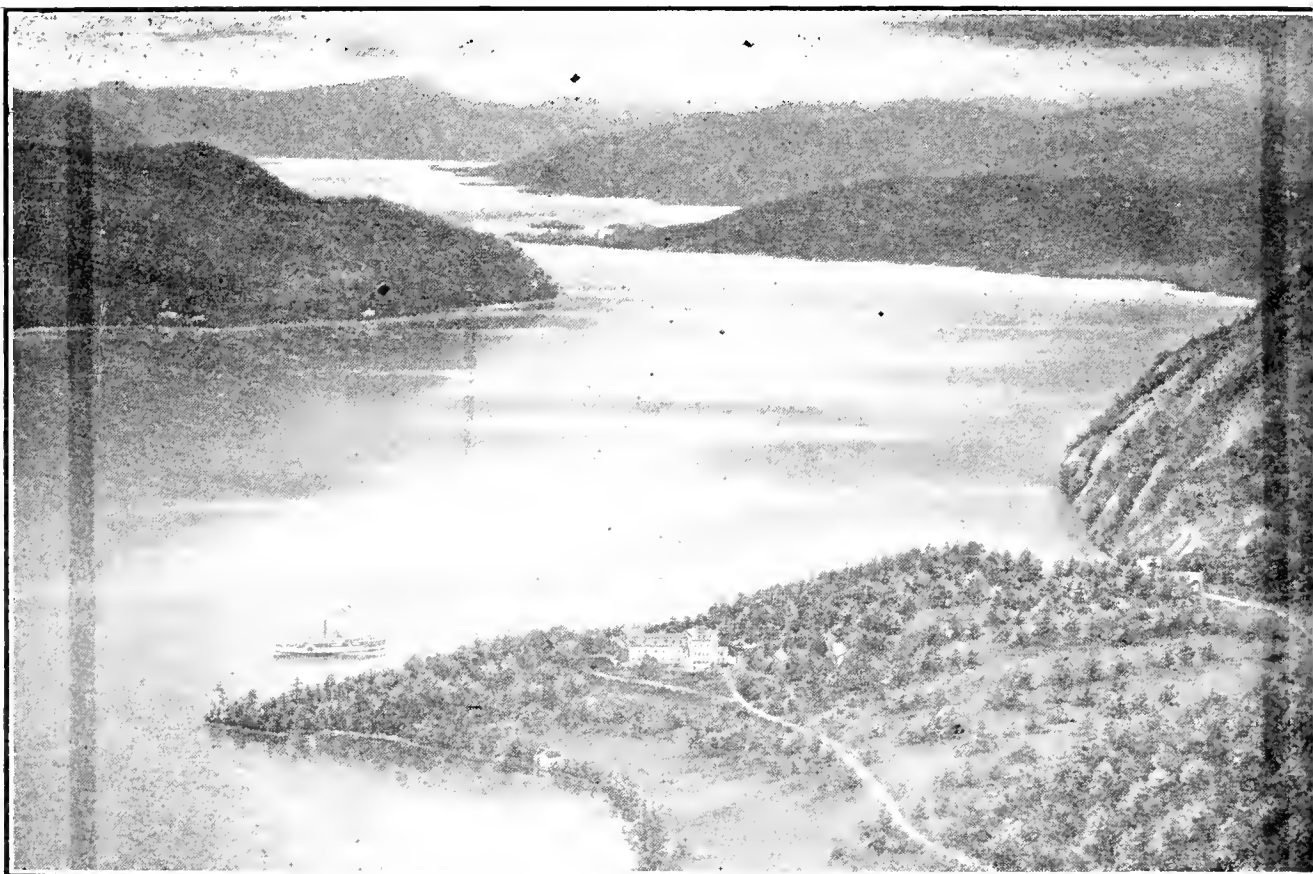
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B. A. CLIFTON, Hague, N. Y.



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Stands on a bold promontory 80 feet above the water, amid the most romantic and historic scenery for which this beautiful lake is famous.

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The widest mountain pass in the Adirondacks accessible by carriage and stage. Guides and boats furnished. Rates: \$12 to \$18 per week during July. Special for June and September. Long distance telephone, post and telegraph office in the house; 9 miles east of Lake Placid Station; fare, \$1.00.

HORACE H. NYE, Manager, Cascade, N. Y.

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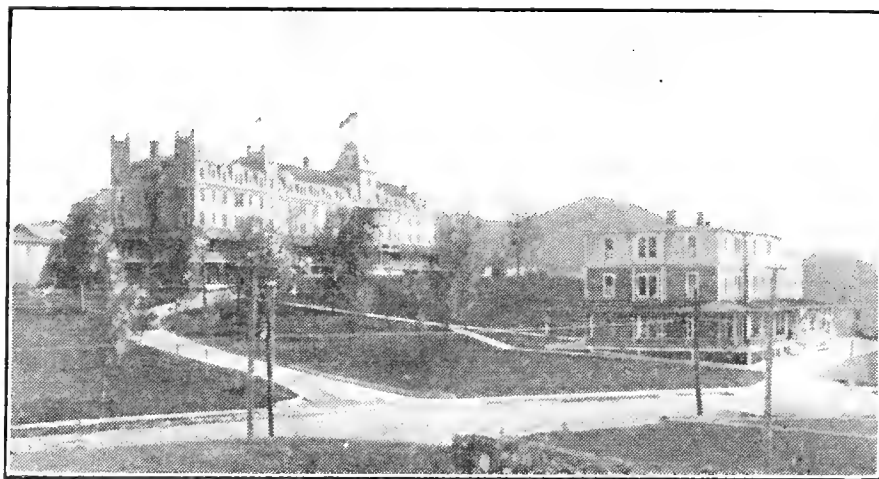
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G. A. Stevens, Proprietor.

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Riding, driving, boating. Guides and supplies.

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Address G. A. Stevens, Lake Placid, N. Y.

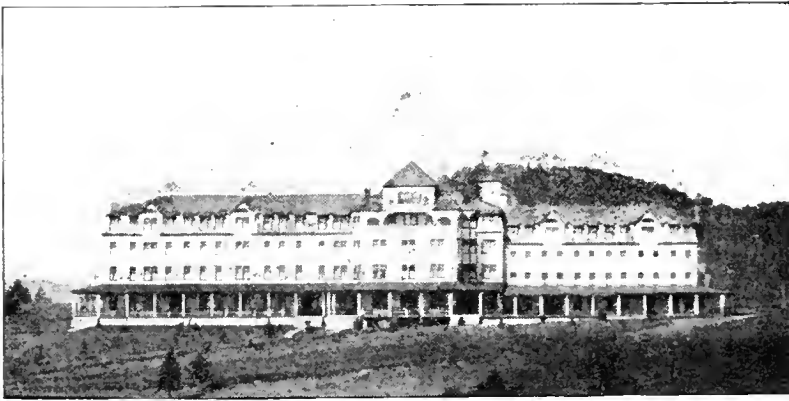
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Adirondacks

A DELIGHTFUL FAMILY RESORT WITH MANY
PRIVATE COTTAGES AND CAMPS

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Stands on the highest ground of any hotel in the
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Modern in all its Appointments

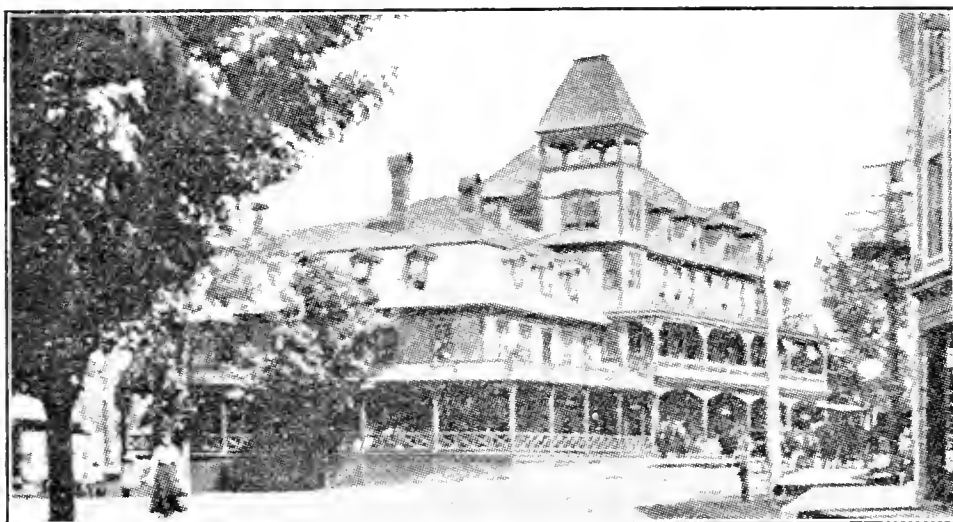
Steam Heated Throughout.

Elevator makes all floors equally desirable.

Freedom from hay fever assured. Those afflicted
with pulmonary troubles will not be received as
guests. Orchestra for concerts and dancing.

THOMAS PARKES,

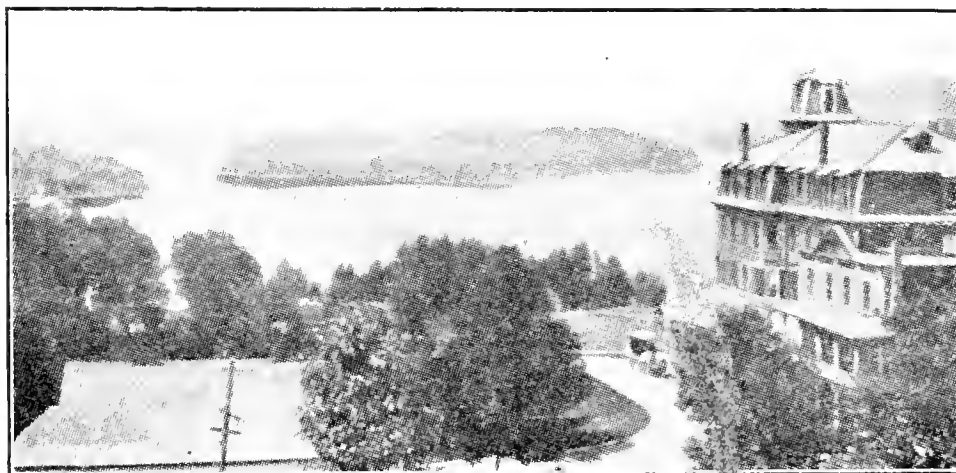
Manager, Lake Placid, N. Y.



The Berkeley

JOHN HARDING, Prop.

In the center of the Village of Saranac Lake.



The Algonquin

JOHN HARDING, Proprietor.

Overlooking beautiful Lower Saranac Lake, two miles from village.

Charming forest and mountain views.

Appointments first class.

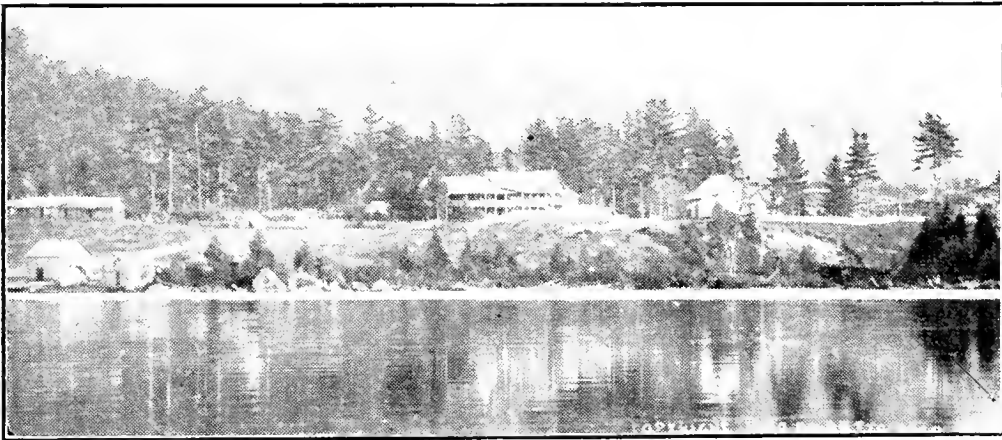
Rates: \$4.00 per day. Special weekly.



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ADIRONDACK REAL ESTATE.

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Adirondacks.

Open June 20 to October 1.

Weekly rates, \$21.00 per week, upward.

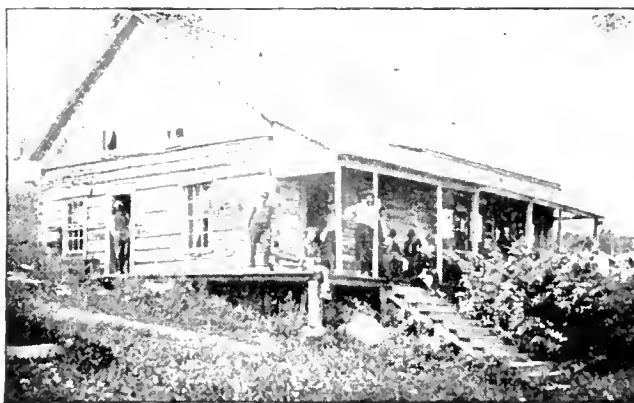
Special terms for early season.

Private cottages suitable for families.

All amusements to be found anywhere.

Send for illustrated booklet and calendar.

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Sweeney Carry, Wawbeek, 1865.



SARANAC INN

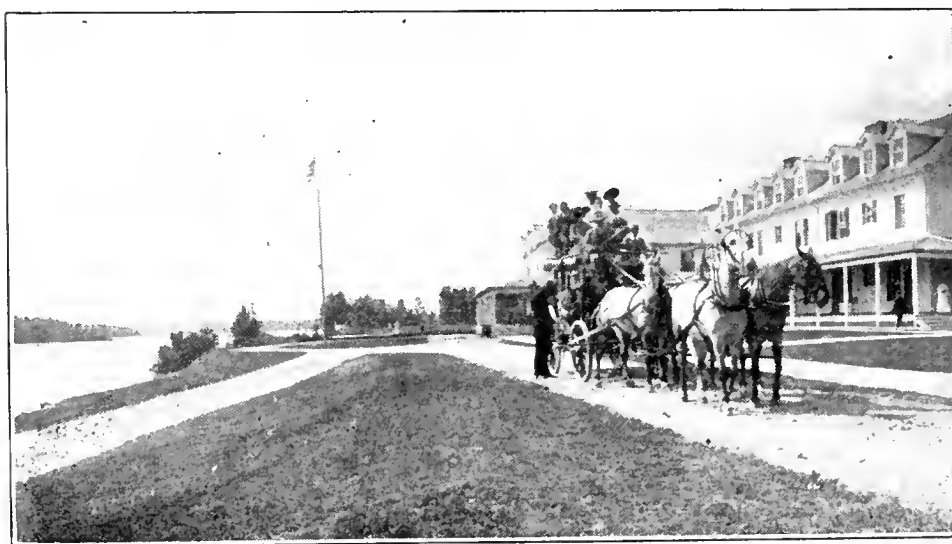
Upper Saranac Lake

P. O. Address, Upper Saranac, Franklin Co., N. Y.

The country of fish and game and healthful recreation. Homelike. Select. Golf and other amusements. Golf course extended 1902. Terms at the Inn, \$4 per day and up; \$17.50 to \$45 per week. Capacity 200. Boats. Guides. Fishing Tackle, Supplies and Camp Outfits furnished at the house. Correspondence solicited. Circulars and Maps sent on application.

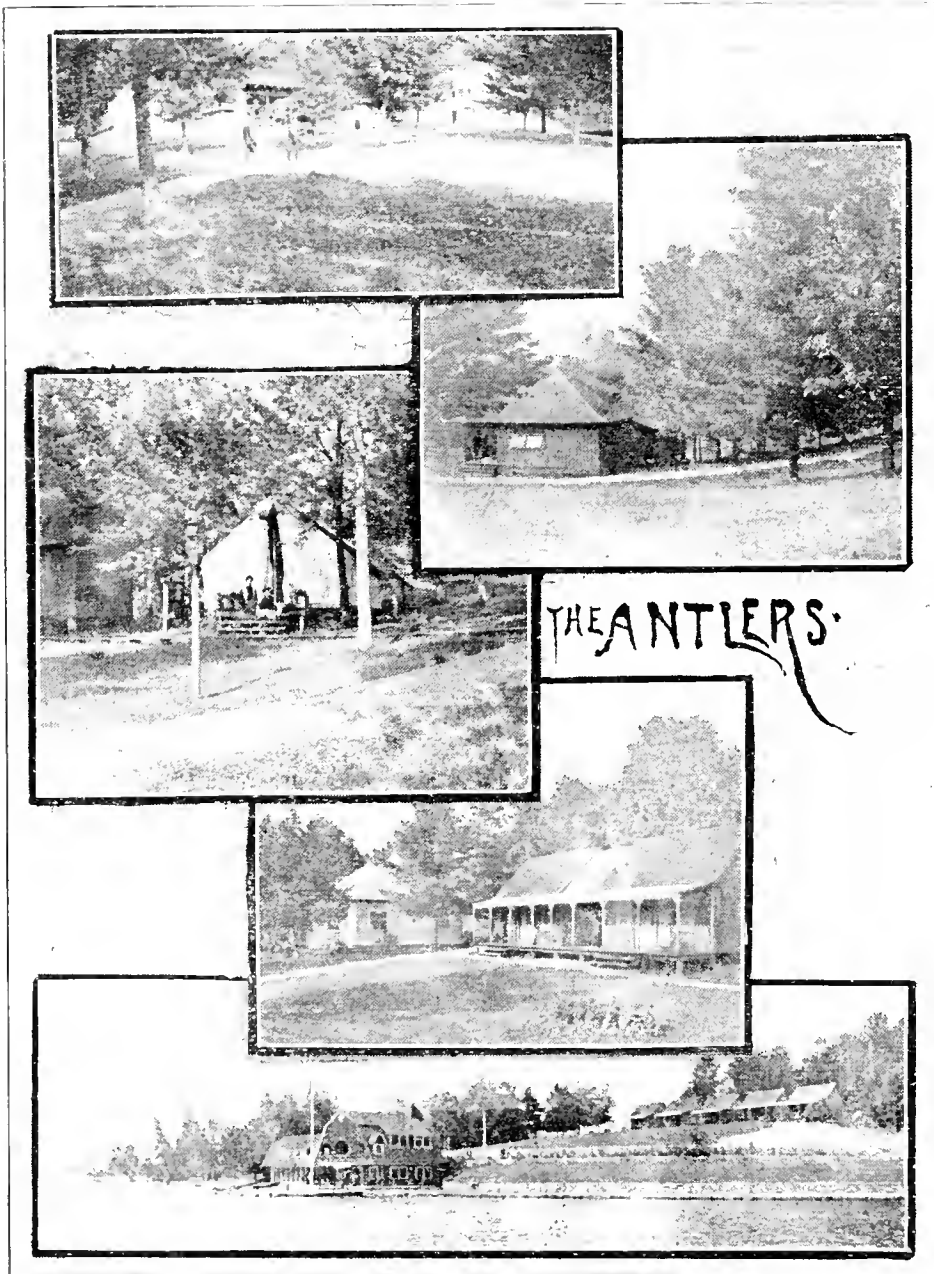
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M. B. MARSHALL, Mgr.



"THE ANTLERS" On Raquette Lake, N. Y.

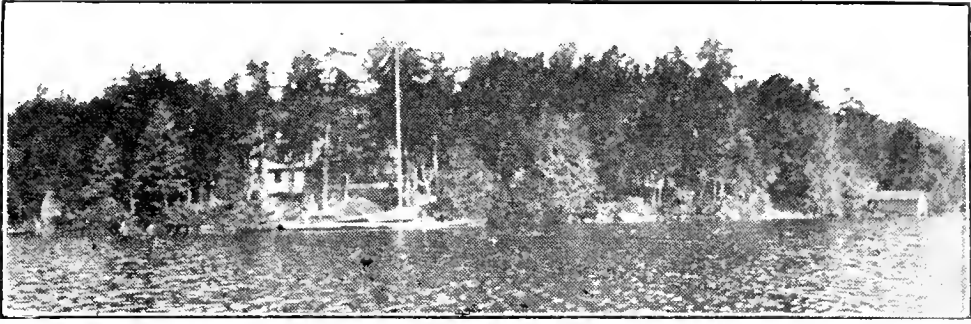
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23d Season Under Present Management.

Largest and most attractive of all the Adirondack Lakes; leading family resort; cottages for rent, containing 2 to 10 rooms, with bath, hot and cold water, open fireplaces; furnished up to date. For terms and booklet address

C. H. BENNETT, Prop., Raquette Lake, N. Y.



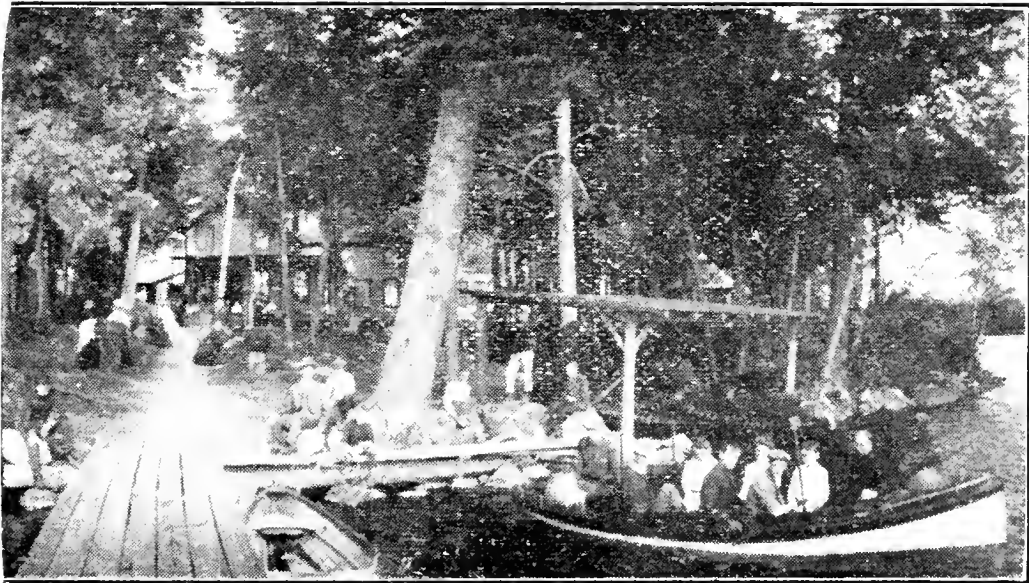
Brightside Cottages, Raquette Lake, N. Y.

J. O. A. Bryere, Proprietor.

Modern improvements. Lighted by gas. Sanitary plumbing throughout. Two mails daily. On the shore of the lake at the foot of the Craggs, two miles from station. Fishing, hunting and camping outfits, guides and boats furnished.

RATES: \$3 per day; \$15 to \$20 per week. Special for May, June and October.

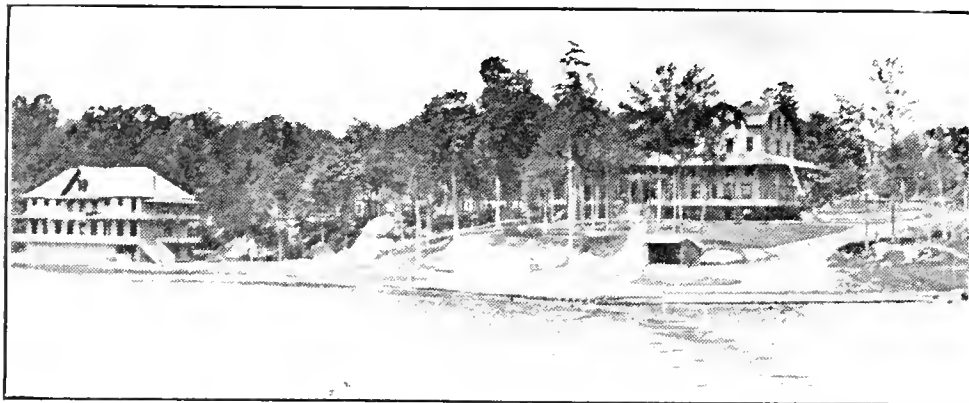
There is no bar at Brightside. People suffering from pulmonary trouble not taken. Hebrews need not apply.



Sunset Camp, Raquette Lake, N. Y.

Capacity house and cottages, 85. Rates, \$2.50 and up per day; \$12 per week up. Special during June and September, or for the season. Open June 1st to November. Boats to rent by day or week. Excellent Bass and Trout Fishing. Deer Hunting and Boating. Guides furnished.

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Eagle Bay Hotel

And Cottages **EAGLE BAY, N. Y.** Now Open
A Famous Adirondack Section.

Unrivalled view of Fulton Chain of Lakes. Renovated and remodeled. New Casino with facilities for dancing, concerts, etc.; also rooms with private baths. Open fireplaces, steam heat, boating, fishing, hunting. **Pure Spring Water.**

Booklet.

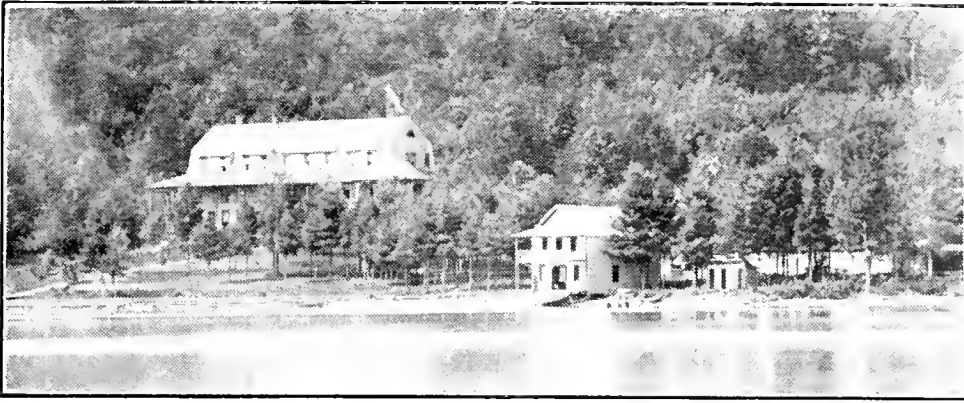
W. A. PRESTON.

Adirondack Camp Site

on 4th Lake of Fulton Chain.

FOR SALE: The best building lot on Fourth Lake, the most popular of the Fulton Chain. 200 feet wide and contains 5 6-10 acres. Situated on the north shore, 1400 feet west of Fairview (a flag station on the Raquette R. R.). Commands a fine view 4 miles east and 2 miles west on the lake. About \$100 has been spent in preparing building site and a complete set of plans and specifications for Camp, Boat House, Wood Shed, Etc., included. Has good water front. Road and convenient trails lead to points of interest. A fine site for Summer Hotel, or could be divided for two or three camp sites. **Price \$1200.**

W. E. McLAUGHLIN, Owner, Old Forge, N. Y.



Bald Mountain House,

Head of Third Lake, Fulton Chain.

C. M. BARRETT, Proprietor.

Capacity, 130 Guests.

Rates, \$2.50 to \$4.00 per day; \$16 to \$25 per week.

Electric bells, lighted with gas, open fire-places, hard wood stoves, beautiful grounds. Forest camps and lodges connected with hotel. Guides and boatmen, hunting and fishing outfits. Well equipped livery. Bowling Alleys. New Steam Laundry. Write for particulars. Booklet free. Address.

C. M. BARRETT, Old Forge, N. Y.

A SUMMER PARADISE



AMONG THE PINES.

COHASSET

On **FOURTH LAKE**
FULTON CHAIN.

Extra Broad Piazzas. Excellent Accommodations for 45. New House. Newly Furnished. Modern Conveniences.

Rates: \$2.00 per Day; \$10.00 to \$12.00 per week.

JOSIAH A. WOOD, Prop.

P. O. Address, Old Forge, N. Y.



THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

These glorious playgrounds of the East are unequalled mountain and lake retreats of all degrees of wildness. For illustrated description of this wondrous region, as well as many other resorts in the cool region of Northern New York, write for

“A Summer Paradise”

issued by the Delaware & Hudson, the Shortest, Quickest and Best Line between New York and Montreal, and the standard route to the Adirondacks, via Saratoga Springs, with train service of superb excellence. Through Pullmans on day and night trains from Grand Central Station.

No one should miss Lake George and Lake Champlain, either going to or returning from the Adirondacks.

Mailed on receipt of six cents postage.

A. A. HEARD, Gen. Pass. Agt., Albany, N. Y.

STODDARD'S ADIRONDACK MONTHLY



Vol.
Four

AUGUST

1908

Stoddard's Adirondack Monthly

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Issued monthly at One Dollar per year in advance

Single Copies 10 Cents

PUBLISHED BY

S. R. STODDARD;
GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

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HOW HE SQUARED ACCOUNTS

IDA C. HAWKINS



Yes, I'll allow thet I'm owin' that sum

But how's a man agoin' to pay

Ef he hasn't got the plum?

See here neighbor, jest give a man a show
I've got my corn all planted

But there, it's got to grow

Yes; I'll square all up

And give you a bonus too—

Don't believe a word I say?

Well I shud like to know!

Jest try me another spell er tew

I'll be as true as steel—

You don't believe a word I say?

Well I shud like to keel!

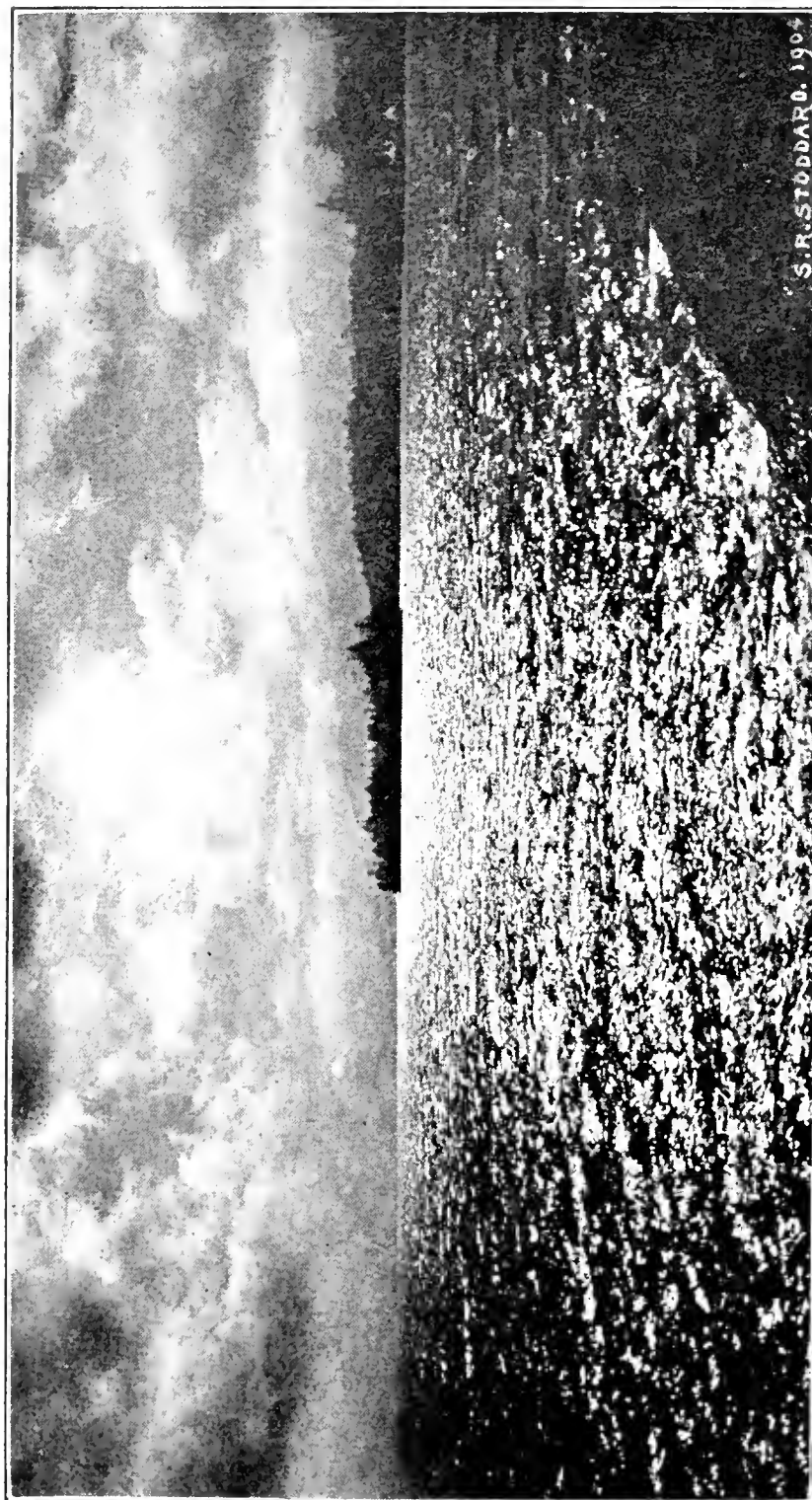
I'm madder'n farmer Bunker's bull
When he sees Sall's scarlet shawl.

And I'll tell you flat

This, will end the spat.

And you won't get no pay at all!





A Memory of Lake George.

STODDARD'S ADIRONDACK MONTHLY

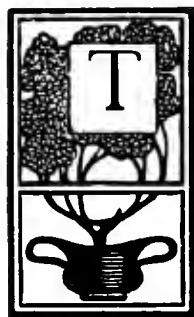
Vol. 1V

AUGUST, 1908

No. 2

THE WAY OF THE RAILS

NEAL G. ADAIR



THE WAY of the rails is the way of the trails. Where painted savages wore paths through the wilderness, where armies marched in the wars for civilization, where pioneers drove jaded horses to new fields of exploration, where men built homes and towns—on the great natural highways from the oceans to the mountains—there has progress laid her roads of steel. The ways once traveled in months and weeks, amid hardships and privations, are now passed over in days and hours, with all the comforts of modern transportation.

The way of the old Indian trail from the head of navigation on the Hudson to the gateway of the great north woods is now the way of the longest electric railroad in the state. The Hudson Valley Railway is typical of its name.



“ Lake George the Beautiful ”

It is actually the railway of the Hudson Valley. Its cars carry the traveler from the docks of the big river steamers at Troy and Albany straight through the valley of the great stream to its small waters in the Adirondacks. Out of the cities, past busy and near-busy towns and villages, through the Queen of American Spas and the City of the North, past Lake George, the Beautiful, the passenger is whirled northward to the very doorstep of the state's summer play-house. In a few hours he is borne away from the hustle and smoke of the haunts of men to the restful quiet and cedar-laden air of The Great Green Inn.

The Hudson Valley is a road of wonders uncountable—wonders of valley and hill, of towering mountains and rolling plains, of lakes and streams, of field and sky. At every turn in the long, steel line new vistas open, startling the gazer with their magnificence and holding his eager attention until the smoothly speeding car carries him to another vantage point, when he must be startled anew. Scenes of rare natural beauty pile upon one another in the journey from south to north, preparing the traveler for the scenic climax of the trip, the first view of Lake George. This sight is hardly a view, but rather a grand, living panorama, the most beautiful half of the most beautiful lake in America spread out,

with its islands, in a setting of lofty, irregular mountains and blue, blue sky. The most hardened native turns involuntarily as the car swings into the down-hill stretch which affords this view. The stranger exchanges silent glances with his neighbor and feasts his eyes until a lower altitude drops the curtain on the inspiring scene.

This railway of the Hudson Valley, so well equipped with nature's fittings, traverses in the same route a region rich in historic associations, following as it does the old military road of Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary days straight through the state to Canada. The car crosses memorable battlefields, whirls by the sites of forts and camps and passes within touch of the monuments erected to heroes of the dim past. On this trip memories of student days are awakened and suggestions given for further research.

Starting from Albany, the capitol of the Empire state, the traveler over the Hudson Valley route first passes along the tracks of the United Traction road, speeding northward through Watervliet, the site of a United States arsenal, Cohoes, the home of knit goods, Troy, the "collar city," and Lansingburg, to the real southern terminus of the Hudson Valley line at Waterford. Here the route leads along the main street beneath wide spreading elms, then out into the open country to the village of Mechanieville, built on the old "King's Highway" of pre-

Revolutionary days. The King's road is now a street of busy business houses and neat, homelike homes, with manufacturing plants, run by the river's power, not far away.

Leaving paved streets and brick fronts, the car again strikes the open as it moves northward, entering a great, wide stretch of valley land with the river, tree-bordered, flowing smoothly along on one side, and the canal, both predecessor and contemporary of the railway, on the other. On the Hudson's placid surface, ruffled only occasionally by shallows and rapids, square-hulled fishing scows move slowly to the dip of lazy oars or swing idly at anchor. At times the put-put of a motor launch cuts into the even hum of the car wheels and the eye detects a small object in the distance, throwing out behind it a ripply, fantailed wake. A curve in the track brings the car to the river bank and the passengers exchange glances with the occupants of one of the numerous small pleasure craft whose moorings dot this part of the stream.

The canal's activity, though of a more deliberate nature, is no less interesting. The tracks run close to the towpath in many places, offering a liberal education in the ways of mules and men. The mules are mentioned first because they belong first. Canal drivers never attempt to lead their mules. It's hard enough to drive them. These solemn beasts plod along at the far end



"A liberal education in the ways of rules and men."

of a tow rope, putting one foot ahead of the other with careful precision, seemingly without exerting an ounce of pulling strength. Seemingly only, however, it must be said in fairness to the mules, for in their painfully deliberate way these hard working creatures haul great loads of coal from the river ports to the north towns and great loads of lumber from the north towns to the river ports. The canal men have gotten to be deliberate, too, by necessity of their occupation rather than by emulation of the mules. These men do not travel fifty miles in an hour nor in a day, but there is no envy in their gaze as they watch the car speed by. They draw their pay by the trip and not by the mile.

More of the river and more of the canal, and then the car, leaving neither, rolls into the quiet little hamlet of Stillwater. Another elm-shaded street, modest houses, a few shops, the car barns and a power house of the railway company—this is Stillwater, so called by one of the English generals in his march through the place, because of the smoothness of the Hudson here. The car takes little time in again reaching the open, still following the route of the old military road.

The traveler sees more of the canal, the river and the wide valley, then passes the little hamlet of Bemis Heights, unimposing and peaceful now, but once the scene of one of the decisive battles of the world. Around this spot, on the plains

and rolling hills in all directions, the red-coated army of Burgoyne met defeat in the Battle of Saratoga, 1777. From the car can be seen tablets marking the stations of certain officers and regiments in the fighting of that day long ago and farther away are more tablets, variously inscribed. The region was a strategic one in the Hudson Valley, marking the end of British invasion into the fighting colonies.

North from the Saratoga battle ground the car rolls past the exact point of Burgoyne's surrender, marked by a tablet, and on to the village of Schuylerville, named for the family of Schuylers of Revolutionary fame. The tracks pass the Schuyler mansion, maintained in its old style by justly proud inheritors. Schuylerville's main street is like those of other villages passed, quiet, though with a little semblance of urban life. Up a side street to the left is the Saratoga battle monument, crowning an eminence which overlooks the entire field of activities. The monument towers over the region for miles about, affording from its apex a magnificent view of the valley landscape, finally terminated by the ranges of the Adirondacks, the Catskills and the Green Mountains of Vermont.

On through Schuylerville, with its fair share of manufactories and general industries, the tracks lead to Thomson, the location of paper mills and the junction of the trolley road with

the branch which leads to Greenwich and On-dawa Park. The car bowls along the very bank of the river here, high above the falls of the pulp mill dam, which drowns the voices of men and machinery. There is a stop for changes at the junction and then continued progress northward.

From Thomson on to Fort Edward there is a new item of interest in the operations on the new barge canal, being pushed forward by the energy of men and great, toiling steam shovels and derricks. Mushroom cities of shanty homes have grown up and always, night and day, there is the tireless labor of the steel-armed excavators. A great, gaping rent has been opened in the earth parallel to the still useful but comparatively miniature "old ditch," which will continue the only ditch for some years to come.

North past more small settlements the tracks lead to Fort Edward, the site of two forts in the wars of the French and English and of a camp in the Revolution. This is now a busy village, with paper mills, railroad yards and prosperous mercantile establishments. Fort Edward is the site of the murder of Jane McCrea, who was killed and scalped by the Indians of Burgoyne's army. A monument to her memory, a pyramid shaped from stone, has been erected within sight of the car tracks, near the northern limit of the village.



“The falls which gave the place its name.”

Out of Fort Edward the car makes an ascent and continues along an elevated plateau to Sandy Hill, the site of Burgoyne's camp, reached by climbing up a "long, sandy hill."

Sandy Hill is the nearest approach to a city since the big communities of the southern terminus were left behind. Here are half a dozen big mills and factories, attractive stores and handsome residences on either side of the brick-paved main street. There is the court house and office of the county clerk, well built churches and a pretty public park in the center of the business district, with a soldiers' monument of granite at its southern extremity.

From Sandy Hill the trolley follows a double track route along the state road, past the Queensbury barns and power station of the company to Glens Falls, formerly the Empire village, and now the youngest city in the Empire state.

* * * * *

To reach Glens Falls from the head of navigation the traveler may take another route than that through the valley of the Hudson. The company's lines also reach the north by way of Mechanicville and the villages of Saratoga county—through the Spa itself.

In making this trip, the passenger boards the Round Lake and Ballston car at Albany, following the river to Mechanicville and branching off here to the west. The route lies through a pretty

hill and valley country to Round Lake, a summer resort and convention town, and rendezvous of picnic parties. Northward to Ballston Springs, the county seat, and on through pleasant rural landscapes, the car rolls into Saratoga, known the world over. A convenient change of cars places the traveler aboard the Glens Falls coach, which traverses the straightest piece of track on the entire system. Once outside the streets of the Spa, the road makes a wide swing into the country and then leads on, on, straight as an arrow, over the plains of Saratoga county into South Glens Falls, separated from her larger sister without the prefix by the Hudson, which is spanned by a long suspension bridge.

En route from Saratoga to Glens Falls, the car passes Wilton, where a stop may be made to visit the cottage on Mount McGregor, nearby, which contains the deathbed of General Grant. This shrine of the warrior president is visited annually by thousands of pilgrims. Crossing the river at Glens Falls, the car rolls over the falls which gave the place its name and the cave made famous in "The Last of the Mohicans."

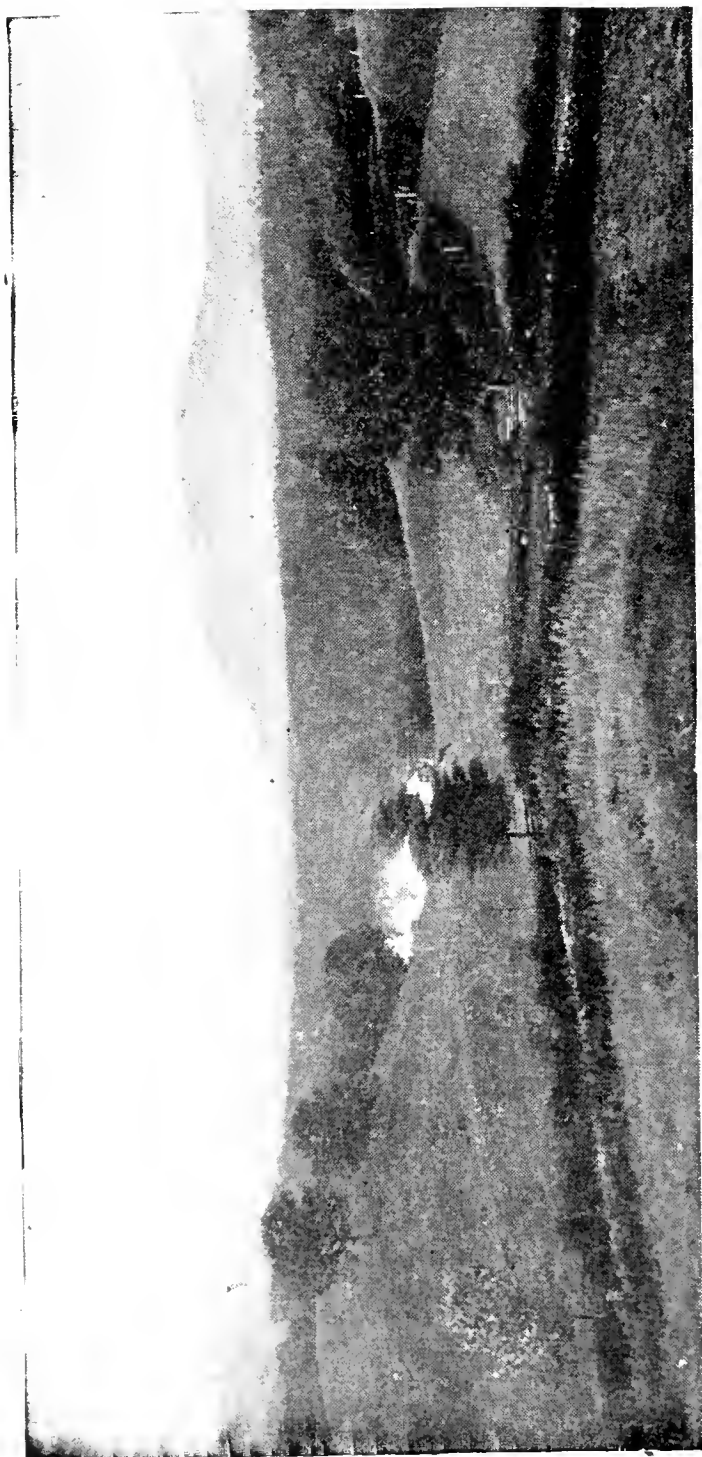
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Arrived at Glens Falls by one of the two routes mentioned, the tourist finds himself in the real City of the North. Here is no once-prosperous community whose fondly retrospective inhabitants glorify the past and decry the

present, but a live, hustling city, with big mills and factories, big stores, big hotels and big men, whose energy has made possible the bigness of the things about them. On the streets are seen people, not idlers, but useful people, bound businessward. Nor is this activity of the beanstalk variety of the summer town. Glens Falls is not a summer resort and does not pretend to be. It is a progressive, year-round place where men and women live and work, where still more men and women come yearly, also to live and work.

From the valley route the car enters Glens Falls through Warren street, a broad residence thoroughfare, flanked by handsome homes and several of the larger churches. This street terminates at Bank Square, where the Saratoga tracks join the main line after climbing the hill from the river bridge. In this square are seen uniformed policemen, "at least 5 feet 9 inches tall," as the civil service rules require, probably the first bluecoats noted since the traveler left the cities of the south.

North from Bank Square the tracks follow Glen street, lined with business blocks, passing the soldiers' monument and the home office of one of the biggest fire insurance companies in the world. From this point on the street becomes residential in character and the traveler sees, behind an unbroken row of great elm trees on either side of the track, the widely known "beau-

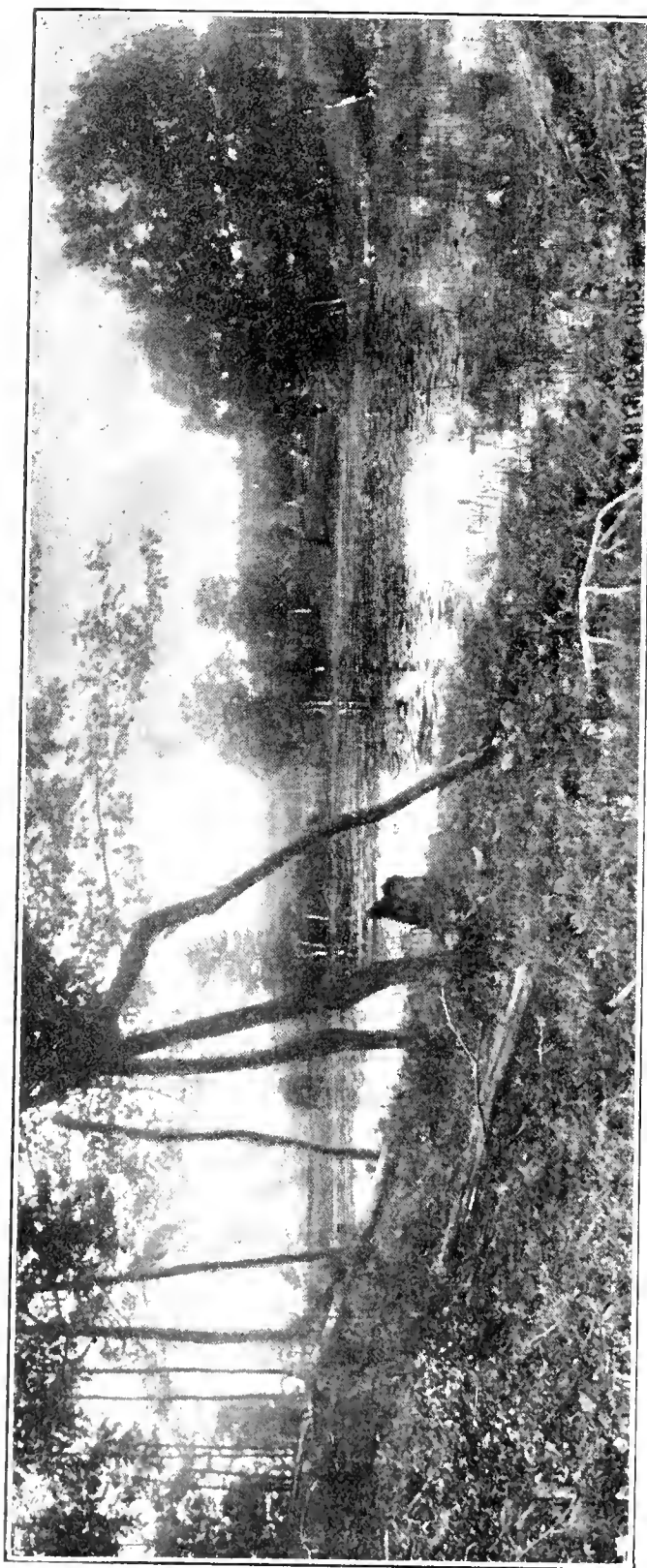


“ The jagged shoulder of French Mountain rears itself ”

tiful homes'' of Glens Falls. Along this thoroughfare are residences of striking magnificence and architectural beauty, typical of the houses on the streets off the interurban line.

Passing Crandall Park, a public tract of many wide acres, the railway leads out into a level, open country, then begins to climb toward the summit of the French Mountain defile. The ascent is gradual, taking the passenger past farms, until suddenly a curve swings the car into the real hill country adjacent to the mountains surrounding Lake George. Toward the right the jagged shoulder of French Mountain rears itself and across the gap stands Prospect, the "view peak" of the lake. Round Pond, a swimming resort, and Glen Lake are passed, and still climbing, the car cuts into the pass which was the scene of named and unnamed skirmishes and massacres.

Farther on is more open country and Bloody Pond, into which were thrown the bodies of the dead and mortally wounded after the Battle of French Mountain, fought back in the deep ravine. The little body of water is peaceful enough now, filling a depression in a stony pasture lot, but it is still a drawing card for tourists. In the days before the railroad and trolley the driver of the stage over the old turnpike from Glens Falls to Lake George used to suggest to his innocent fares that they see this interesting spot. Invariably he would generous-



B'ocdy Pond.

ly offer to drive around by way of Bloody Pond for \$2 or \$5 extra, according to his estimate of the greenness of his coach load. His generosity was an expensive bit of kindness for his passengers, as the road "around by way of Bloody Pond" was then, as now, the only road between Glens Falls and the lake. But then, innocence is joy—and perhaps the driver needed the money.

Just north of Bloody Pond the railway crosses the state road, once the plank turnpike, then begins a descent to Lake George village. This descent affords the first view of the lake, previously mentioned. As the car rolls out toward a concrete trestle and upon it, the magnificent panorama is thrown before the eyes, without an obtruding hillock or tree to mar the perfection of the scene. This is Lake George, the Beautiful, with its emerald waters and its mountains, solid green in the foreground, becoming hazier and bluer in the distance. There is visible Diamond Island and Long Island and far beyond, a hazy blue, but clear cut in its outlines, Dome Island, the most distinctive landmark on the lake. To the left the Adirondack foothills, really a mountain range, touch the water's edge. To the right is the long stretch of French Mountain, the peaks about Kattskill Bay, and farther north the three humps of Buck Mountain, dubbed Big Buck, Little Buck and Buckee. Tongue Moun-

tain, on the west shore, stretches itself across the lake, terminating the water scene at the southern extremity of The Narrows.

From this vantage point the car coasts down into the village of Lake George, a typical summer town, with its hotels and its cottages. Here transfer is made for the lake steamers. The route continues along Canada street, past the county buildings, then on and always upward into the mountain-guarded ravine leading to Warrensburg. The tracks here cross and recross a splashing brook, following the route of a toll highway through numerous turns and cuts to The Summit, where a descent is made to the terminus of the road. Warrensburg is fitted snugly into a little valley, with the rear portions of its residence lots bumped against the Adirondack Mountains. The place is new and hustling, in sharp contrast to the sleepy towns down the river, and is able to offer up-to-date accommodation to the wayfarer. Warrensburg, the northern limit of the Hudson Valley line, is the southern terminus of carriage and stage routes leading into the Adirondacks. It stands porter at the very gateway of the north woods.

* * * * *

And so, having journeyed the length of the Hudson Valley, from the wearying hustle of the haunts of men to the restful quiet of The Great Green Inn, will you, the reader, turn back to repeat your pleasant experience? Or will you go into the pine-clad hills, which make men of invalids and athletes of men? In words of modern English, "It's up to you!"

THE SUMMER INNS

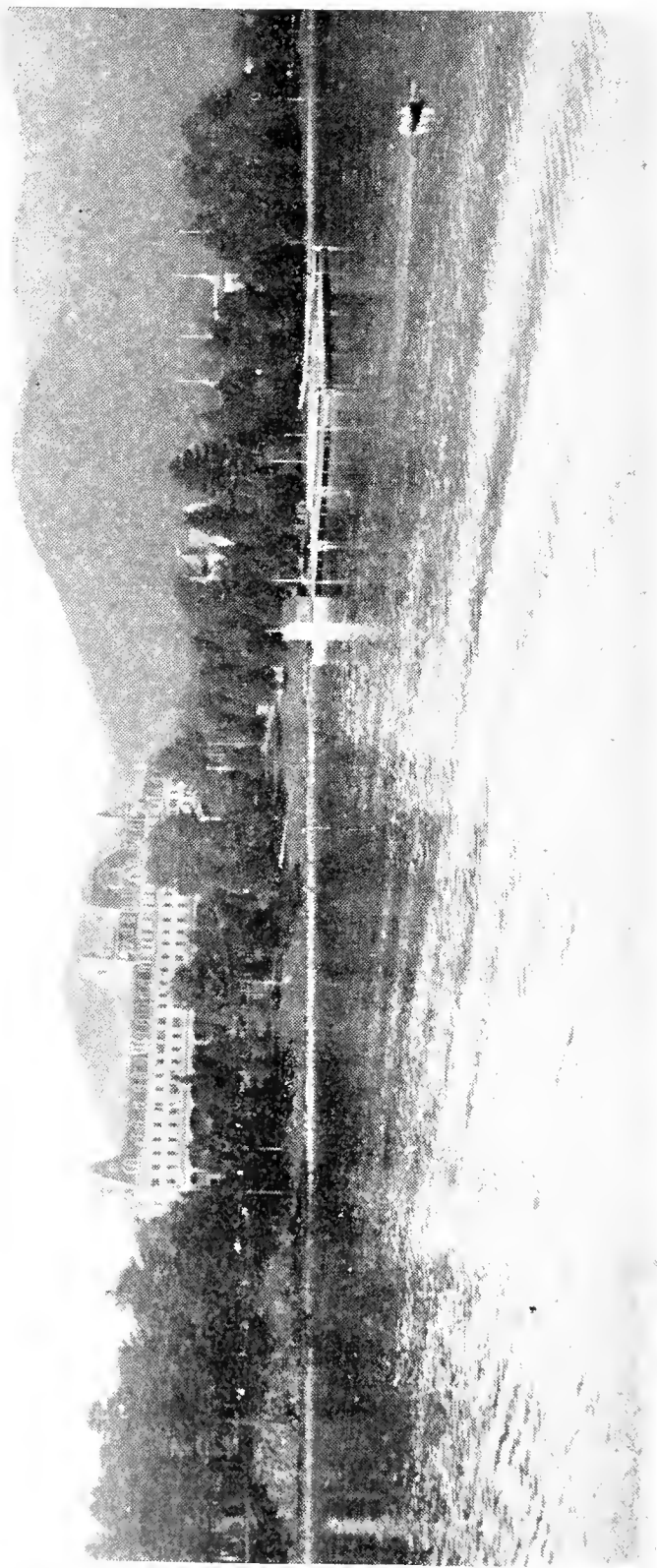
of Lake George and Lake Champlain

S. R. STODDARD



LAKE GEORGE in history, in tradition, and in that exceptional grace which in nature we call beautiful, is peerless among the lakes of the world. Its wild traditions are familiar to almost every school boy; its beauties apparent to even the unobservant eye, while its houses of entertainment rank among the best in this or any other land. The combination makes Lake George great! Come with me and I will make plain what weak human nature, hungry and seeking after rest and diversion most resire—the hotels of the land.

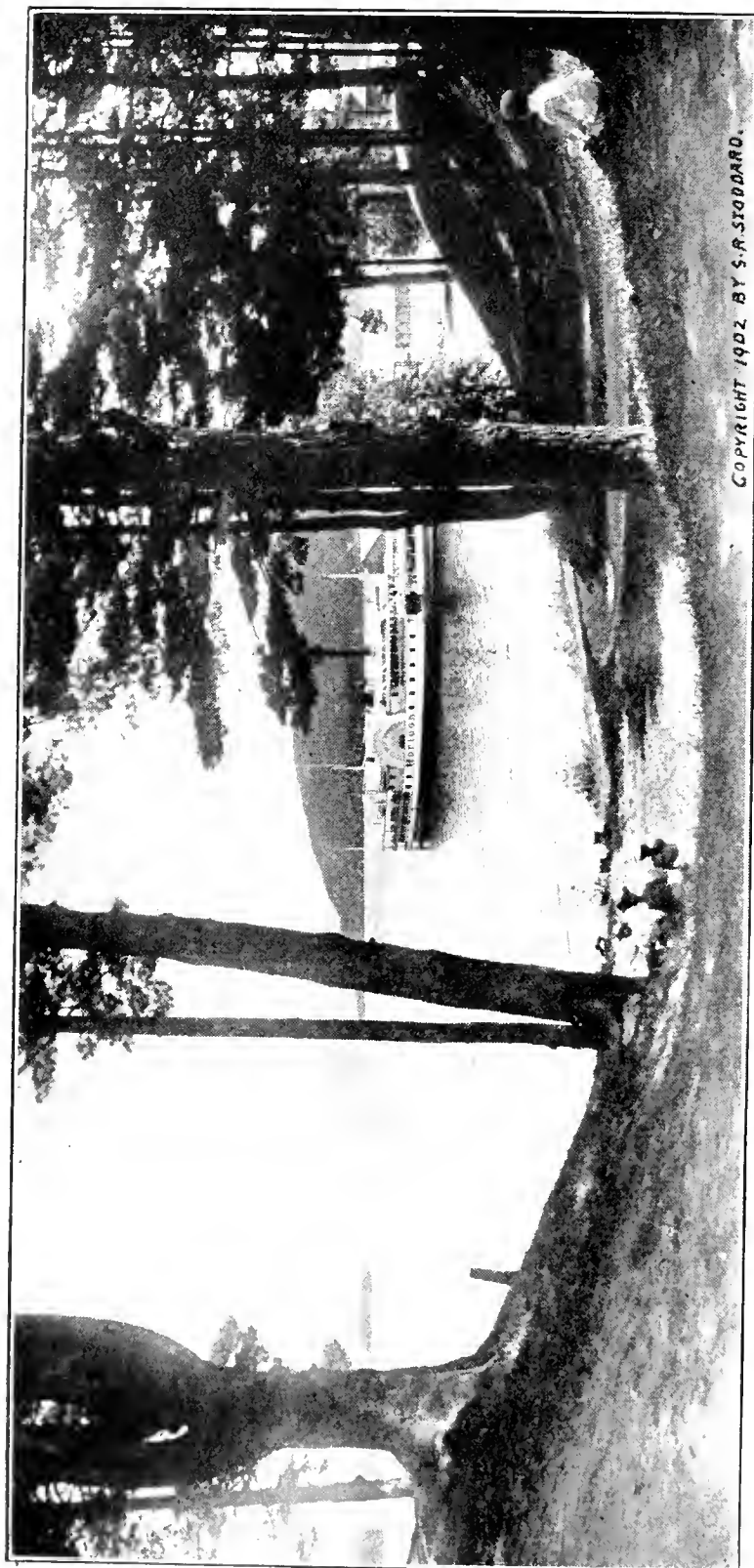
A trip through the lake on one of its fast steamers is like a journey through fairyland. From the south is seen spread wide the crystal plain to which the mountains slope gently from tree-covered summit to water's edge. Pretty cottages and noble mansions, white and red and tawney and in the cool colors of native stone, stand half hidden among the trees. The



Fort William Henry Hotel.

shores are parks reclaimed from nature, yet with nature's beauties all retained. Nearly every hotel has its grounds beautiful, some reaching outward into the open fields or climbing the mountain, merge into deeper woods. Here is offered entertainment, varying to suit every taste and pocket, with surroundings and price to match.

At the head of the lake facing north stands the New Fort William Henry Hotel. Its surrounding park encloses the ruins of the old Fort of history, but now in place of strife and bloodshed is the pleasing feature of one of the world's best summer hotels. Great things have been happening here during the past year. Over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been expended in making perfect the already nearly perfect natural condition. It is the property of the Deleware and Hudson Company and the owners have left nothing undone to make the place all the most fastidious could desire. The grounds under the hand of a noted landscape artist, have developed unexpected beauties. The thick grove surrounding made open to the eye and passing breezes and the lake revealed anew from many a delightful vantage point. Masses of flowers, shrubs and plants fill beauty spots, the velvety lawn is fresh and green, and grassy slopes converted into delicious lounging places for those lazily inclined. Within, from office to



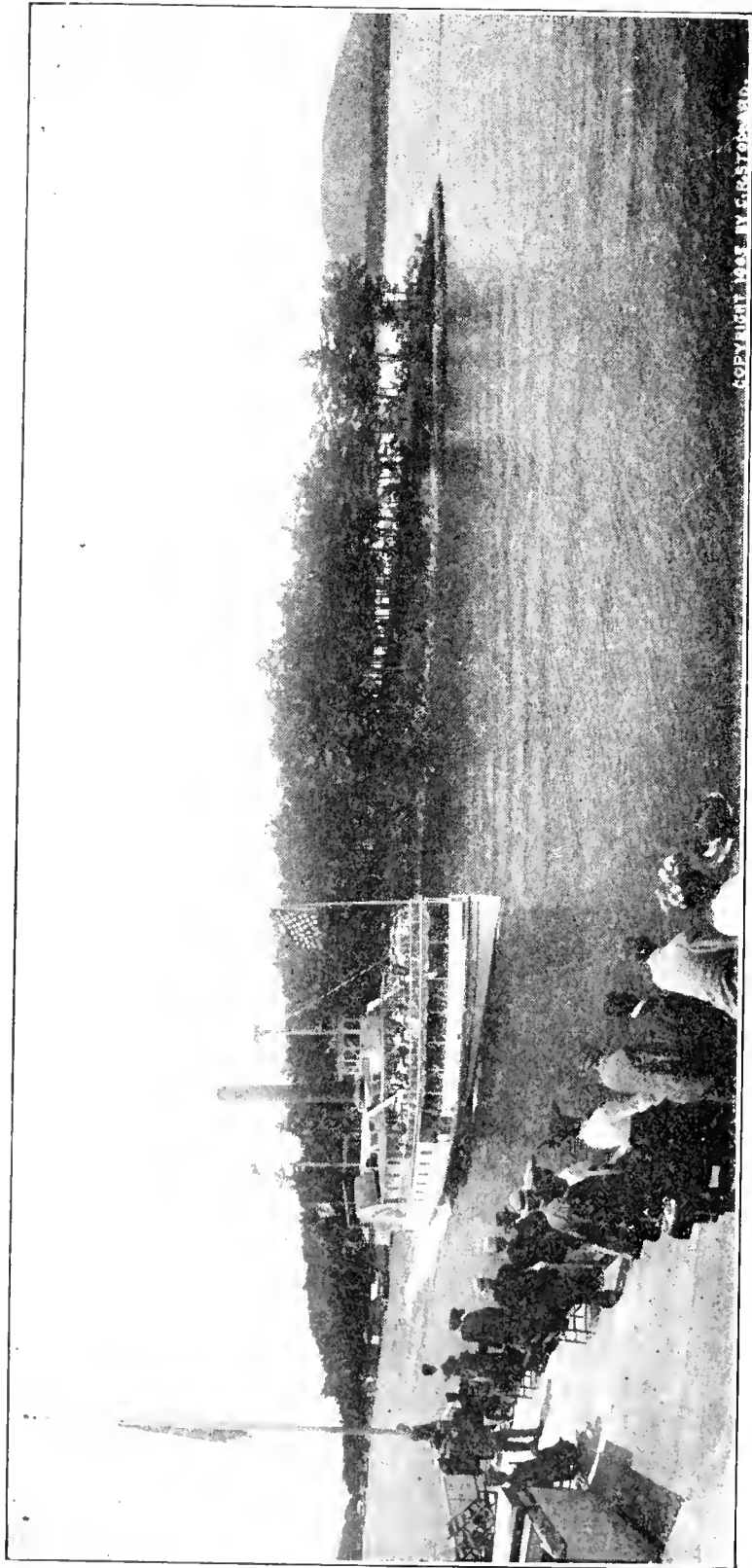
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North from Fort William Henry.

attic surprises await former visitors. A series of cosy parlors, reception and retiring rooms in varying tints, flank the broad verandah. The marble floors of the grand office shows islands of rich rugs, and oases of green. The big ball-room with its polished floor invites dancing and play, dining rooms suit all occasions from the great banquet hall and glass-enclosed veranda to the Grotto, cool and inviting with vines and plants and flowers under the great piazzza.

Over toward the west, at the base of Prospect Mountain, nestles the little village of Lake George. Here are two or three comfortable houses of entertainment, chief among them being the Worden, a summer hotel so popular that, during the season, it overflows into surrounding cottages of the village and along the road full a mile away. E. J. Worden the proprietor also conducts the Arlington, a house more moderate in price and open all the year. All hotels give free transport for guests to and from trains and boats.

Leaving the dock the boat makes for Kattskill Bay six miles down the lake where are various places of entertainment at moderate rates well patronized and and in the season filled with guests. Each house has its special landing. First comes Horicon Lodge, closely flanked by numerous cottages; then Hotel Willard on its slender point; Then Trout Pavilion, an old time

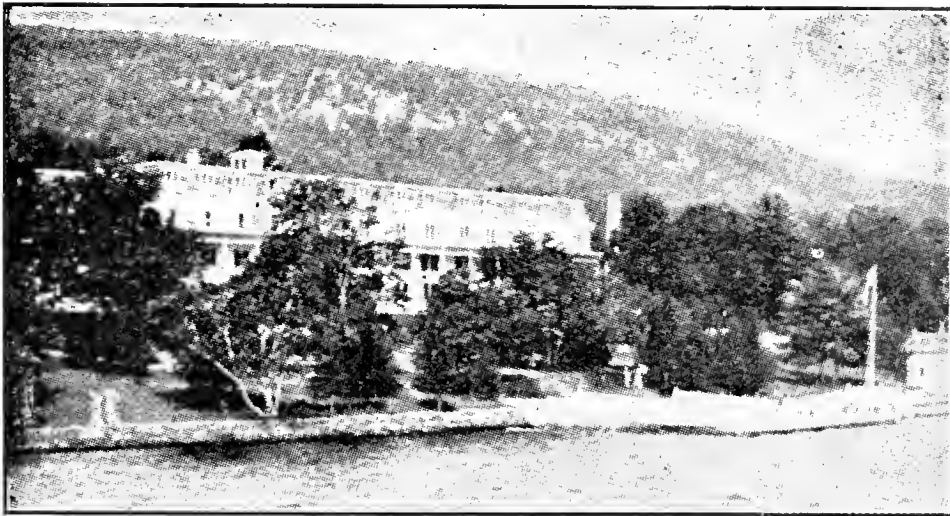


Meeting of the Steamers in Katskill Bay.

favorite on the east side of the bay followed by the Kattskill House facing west in its grove of protecting birches.

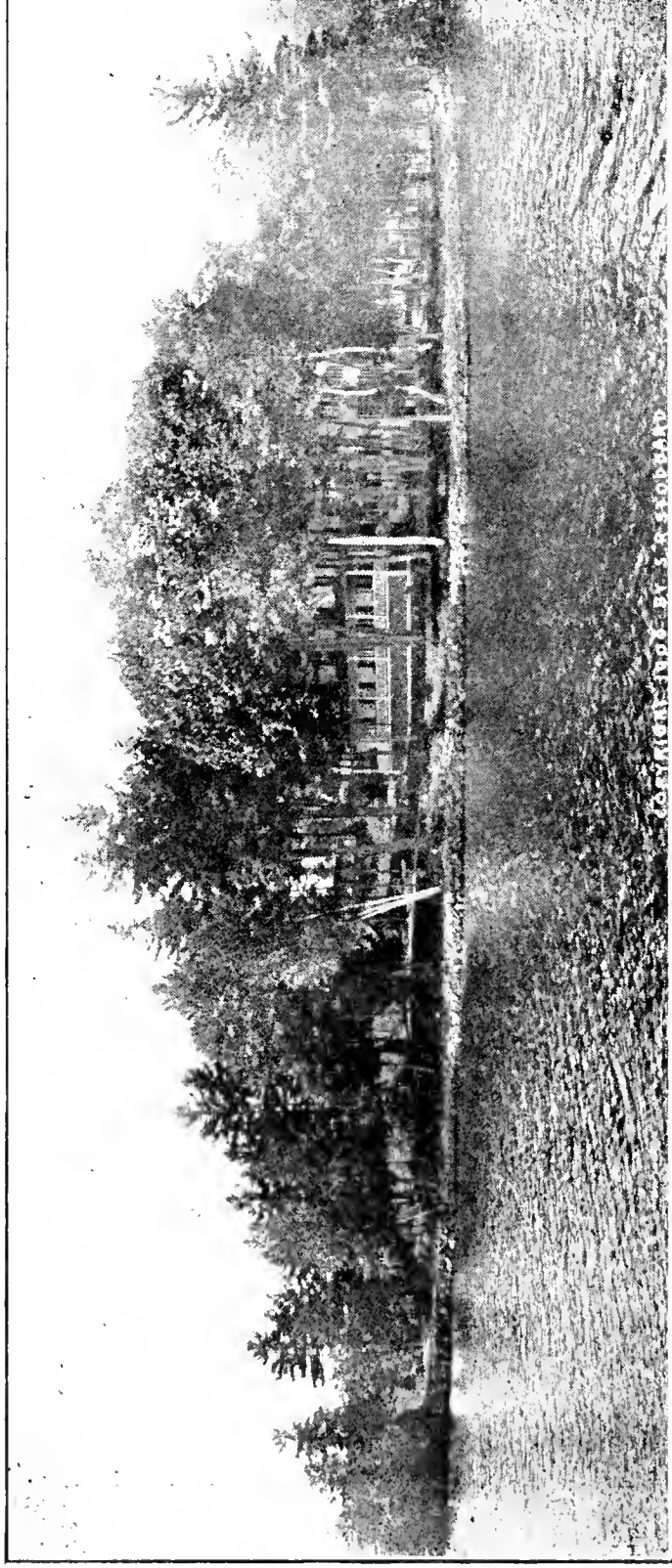
From the Kattskill House the boat strikes out across the lake once more, passing close to the north end of Long Island, the largest island in Lake George—Something over a mile in extent, owned by Dr. D. S. Sanford of New York, whose name has been famed in the medical world for many years.

Hotel Marion is on the west shore, a most delightful place and a desirable one. Just



Hotel Marion.

back beyond the house runs the Lake George-Bolton state road, favorite speeding ground for autoists whose interests have been considered by the management of the Marion who is a member of the American Motor League and is prepared to do repair work and furnish bandages, splints and other garage necessities.



The Lake View House.

North from the Marion the boat points toward Dome Island, then swinging slightly to the west passes between it and Recluse Island and swings around into Bolton Bay. Prominent among hotels here in mind—though not to vision as it is almost hidden among the trees—is the Lake View House deep in the bay toward the south. It is kept by R. J. Brown, County Engineer, man of intellect and of substance, who modestly says it is “Just a plain old-fashioned house where young people may enjoy themselves and quiet one take comfort.” It is thoroughly wholesome and holds its guests, many coming year after year unfailing as the season. There is no bar at the Lake View, but—to quote again—“this is not intended to bar members of the bar.” A little steamer runs regularly between Bolton Landing and the Lake View to meet the line boats, conveying guests back and forth without money and without price.

The next landing is at Sagamore on Green Island, the great house of the section, showing delightfully among the trees with its approaching walks and verdent greens. It is under the management of T. Edmund Krumbholz, well known as a manager of Adirondack hotels and in winter of the Kirkwood on Camden Heights, South Carolina.

Pearl Point is now the only hotel in the Narrows, leaving which the boat quickly hides itself among the "Hundred Islands." Then for a considerable run the way is a solitude save for the occasional white tent of some camper or fisherman for the islands here belong to the state and, while open to dwellers in tents can not be legally acquired for building purposes.



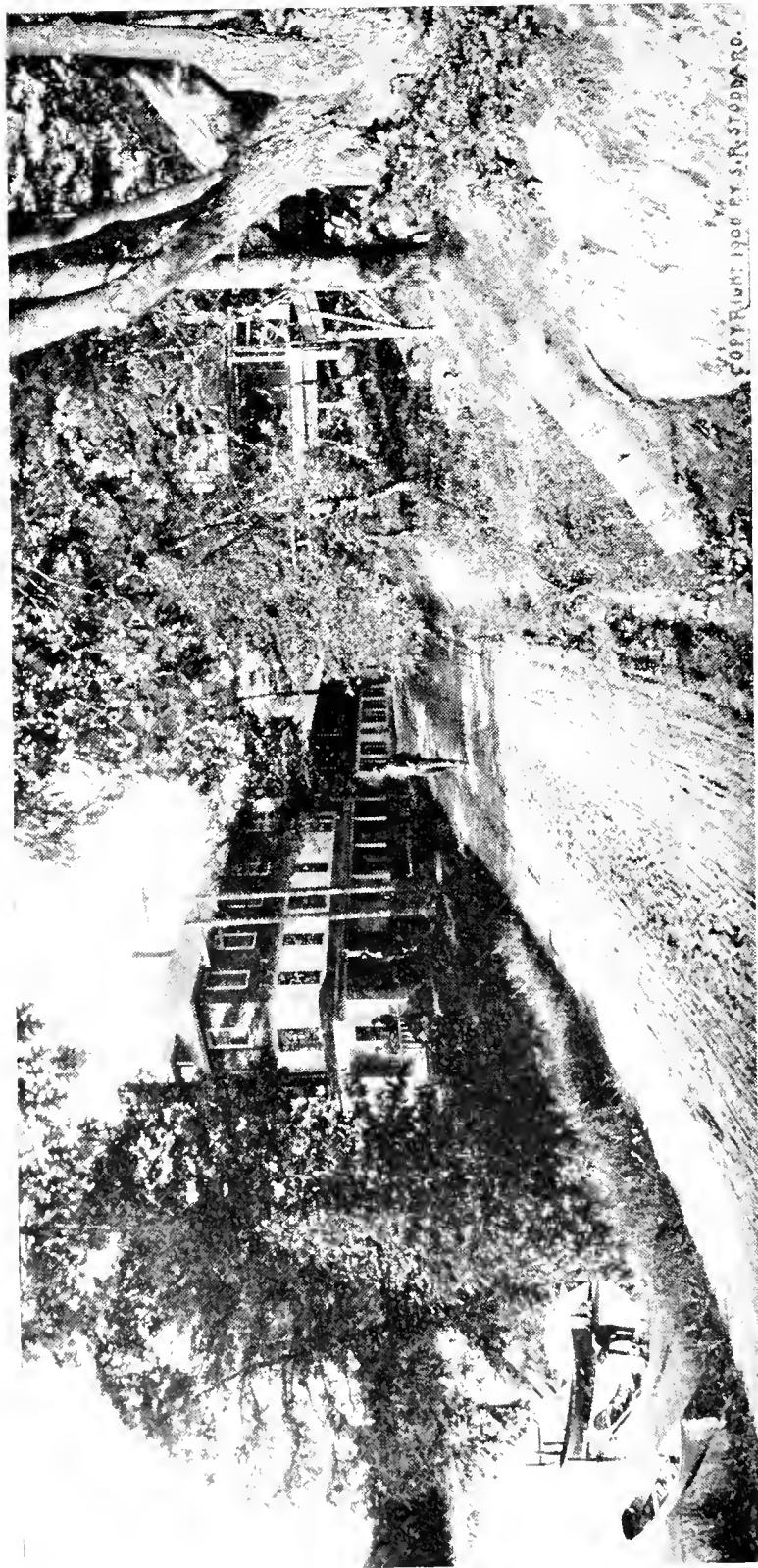
Hulett's.

Hulett's Landing north of Black Mountain is at the base of a smaller mountain called the Elephant because of its peculiar shape. Hulett's is one of the jolliest places on Lake George. The proprietor, H. W. Buckell, caters to the fads and fancies of young people. A crowd of fun-makers usually greets the arrival of the boat, and the Hulett yell would make a Comanche

war cry sound like the cooing of a dove. Leaving Hulett's the boat runs straight for Sabbath Day Point where new buildings indicate prosperity to the owners. Sabbath Day Point has scored somewhat in the history of Lake George. Its name is usually ascribed to the fact that General Amhurst landed here in 1759 and passed the Sabbath with certain religious ceremonies, but back of that time as indicated in the journal kept by Charles Carrol of Carrolton it was called "Sabatay Point," presumably after some early Frenchman, very naturally and easily changing into Sabbath Day with the English settler.

A little more than a mile north is the longest dock on the lake, reaching out from Hotel Uncas to deep water. This is a charming little house under the management of A. B. Martin. Following is the landing at Silver Bay, where ordinarily the voyager will be greeted by a dock full of young Woman Christian Association girls. This place is specially devoted to Association work and matters, and to get there, one must be a member of some association or training school in Christian work. Boats are not allowed to land on the Sabbath but Sabbath services are held regularly and once each year an amateur circus is indulged in—to ease the strain.

Across the lake, two miles north is Camp Iroquois, a camp for boys under the tutelage of



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Island Harbor.

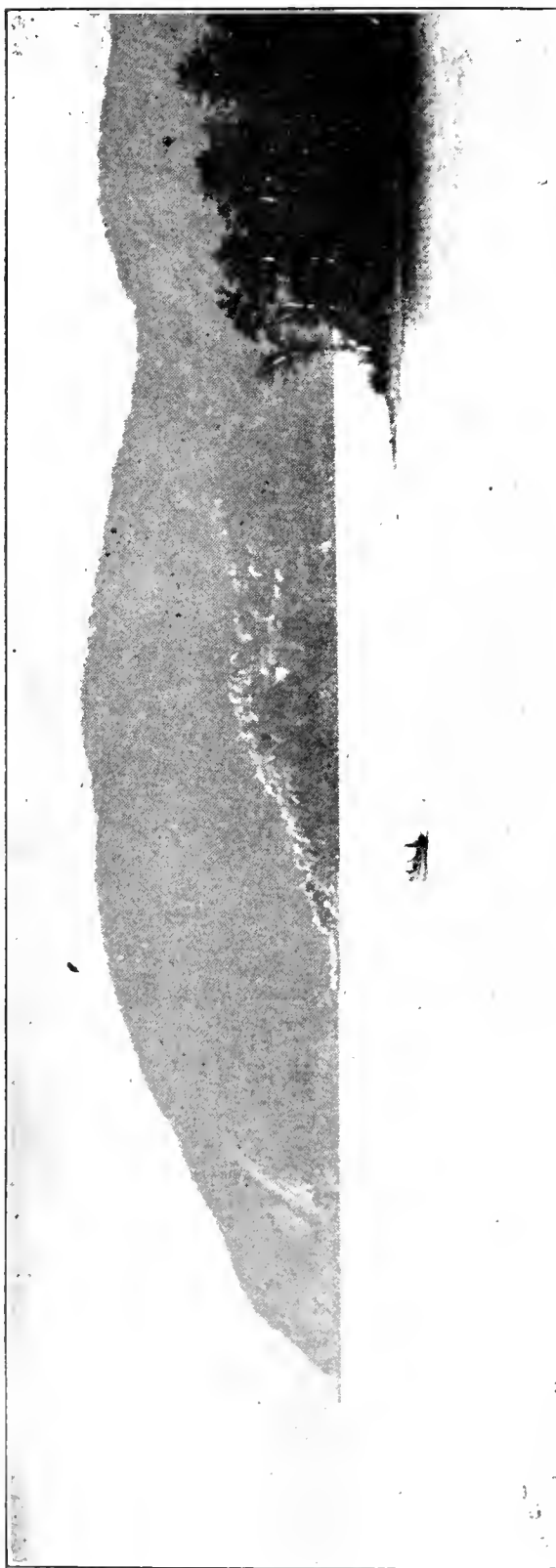
George F. Tibbitts, Interstate Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Washington, D. C.

Hague is sighted next, a fringe of cottages and hotels on the circling shore of a deep bay on the west. There is but one landing for the large boats, but to these the several houses send



The Trout House.

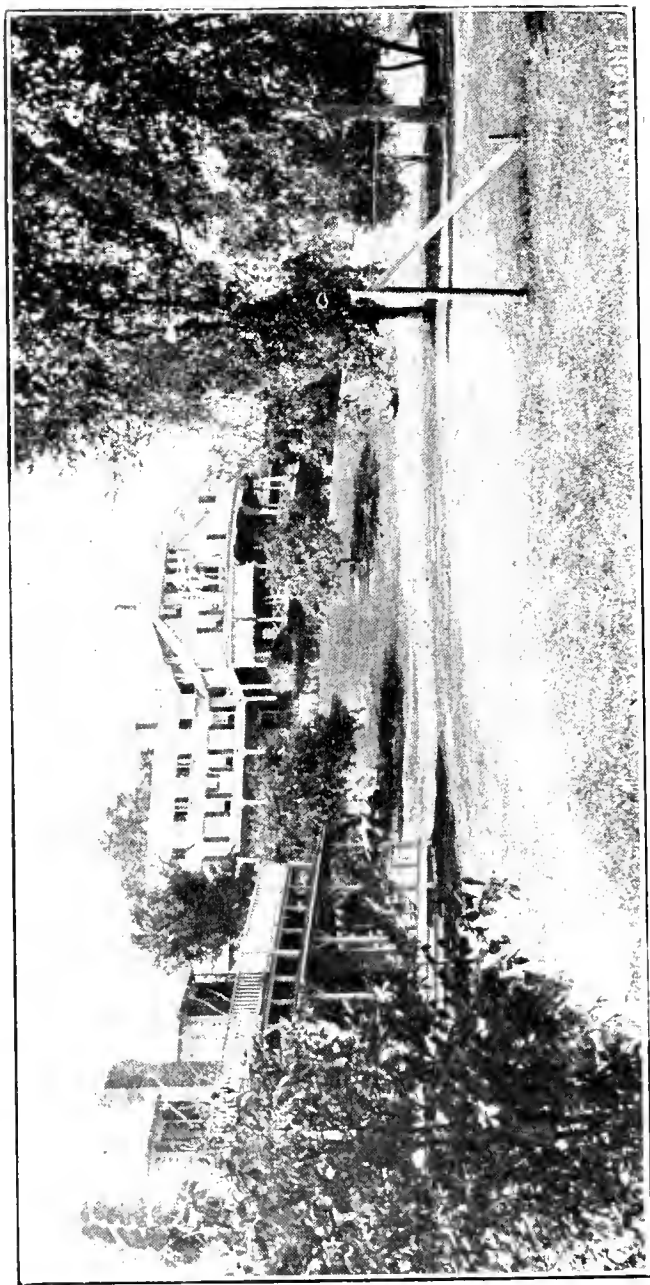
carriages for free transportation of guests. Desirable here for summer visitors are the "Hill side," "Trout House" and "Rising House," in the bight of the bay, and "Island Harbor" a mile north among the group of islands around which we circle toward the north. On the outermost large island of this group, Colonel Mann of "Town Topics" and "The Smart Set," has encamped substantially. On the east side, on a point which makes out south of Blairs Bay, is the Adirondack Camp for boys—so called—



Rogers' Slide from Baldwin.

where a colony of boys are annually put in training by Dr. Elias G. Brown of New York, who mixes with the youngsters' mental food, instructions in wild woods life. We run close by the point of Anthony's huge Nose then make straight for the landing at Rogers' Rock, the summer place of David Williams, publisher of the "Iron Age," and, incidentally, a very select hotel under the management of Mrs. K. C. Swinburne.

The story of the name is that Major Robert Rogers, approaching from the west on snow shoes one winter day trailed closely by savages made directly for the brow of the cliff which descends abruptly into the lake. Arriving at the edge he threw his pack over and reversing himself on his snowshoes by putting his toes to the heel, made his way down through a ravine at the south and around where he gathered up his luggage and started out over the ice. The savages arriving at the top where, apparently two men had come together and seeing in the marks made by the tumbling duffle where they had gone over the jumping-off place and on the ice below the man going off apparently unhurt concluded that he must be under the protection of the Great Spirit, against whom they could not hope to prevail so desisted from further pursuit.



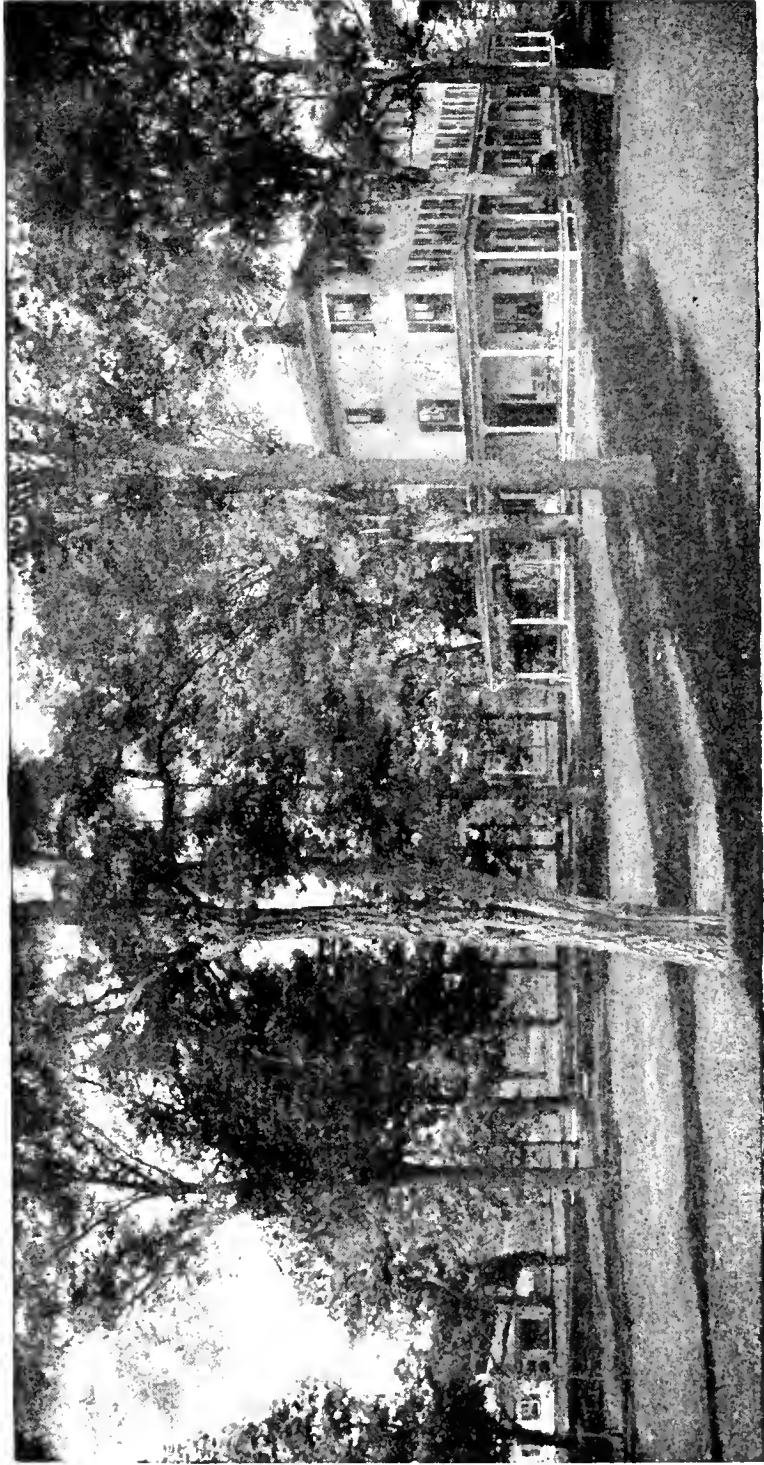
Westport Inn.

At Baldwin, cars are taken for the short trip down past the rapids and falls of the outlet to Fort Ticonderoga station where the steamer, "Vermont" is taken for the trip north on Lake Champlain.

In this trip over the broader lake, fewer landings are made. Ticonderoga ruins are seen at the left soon after the boat leaves the dock. Passing through the draw-bridge we touch at Larrabees Point, then continue north over gradually broadening water to where Crown Point ruins, seen on the left, are passed, and landing made at Port Henry.

Westport is in a deep bay on the west shore, Though it has lost its importance as a gateway into the Adirondacks, it has become a delightful summer resort because of the exceptionally excellent character of the Westport Inn, seen among the trees back above the landing. This under the management of H. P. Smith who during the winter conducts the Foothills at Nordhoff, Southern California, is one of the places to be heartily commended. North of Westport are the picturesque Palisades and various scenic features of the west shore. After touching the dock at Essex the boat makes diagonally across the lake to Burlington, Queen City and metropolis of Vermont.

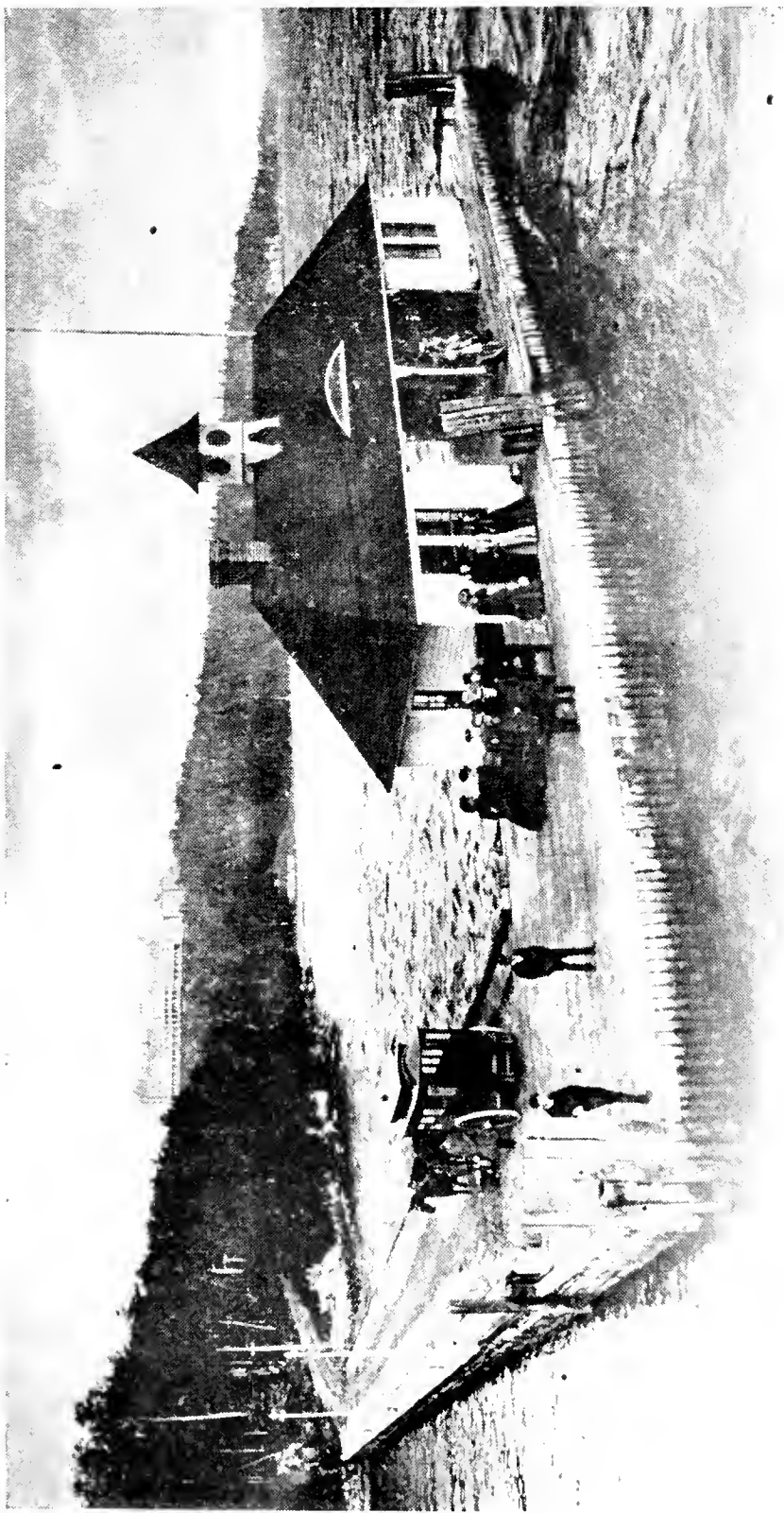
Recrossing the lake a run of ten miles brings us to Port Kent. A number of comfortable



Trembleau Hall.

summer mansions and semi-hotels are along the crest of the hill that rises away from the lake at this point. Chief among them is Trembleau Hall on the high land some little distance north of the landing in a grove of locusts and maples with great Lombardy poplars rising like sentinels to guard the deeper shade. Farrell & Adgate control the destinies of Trembleau Hall. Farrell of Trembleau meets you at the landing, an ample beaming reception committee mightily pleased to see you. Adgate of the Hall extends a cordial welcome at the portal. He too is big bodied, and wholesome and you know at once that you have reached the place you have so long been seeking—a home in the land of the unwatched—and specially comforting is the feeling that here you are free from hands stretched towards you palm upwards. It is a delightful place. From it one may stroll upward toward the south to the summit of Trembleau Mountain or downward into the broad volley at the north where the divided mouth of the AuSable finds its way into Lake Champlain, or go on the one special and never-to-be neglected excursion to Au Sable Chasm three miles distant by the electric road, where cars run at convenient intervals.

Northward ten miles is Bluff Point, on which stands Hotel Champlain, “The Magnificent, You have seen it from afar, from Burlington,

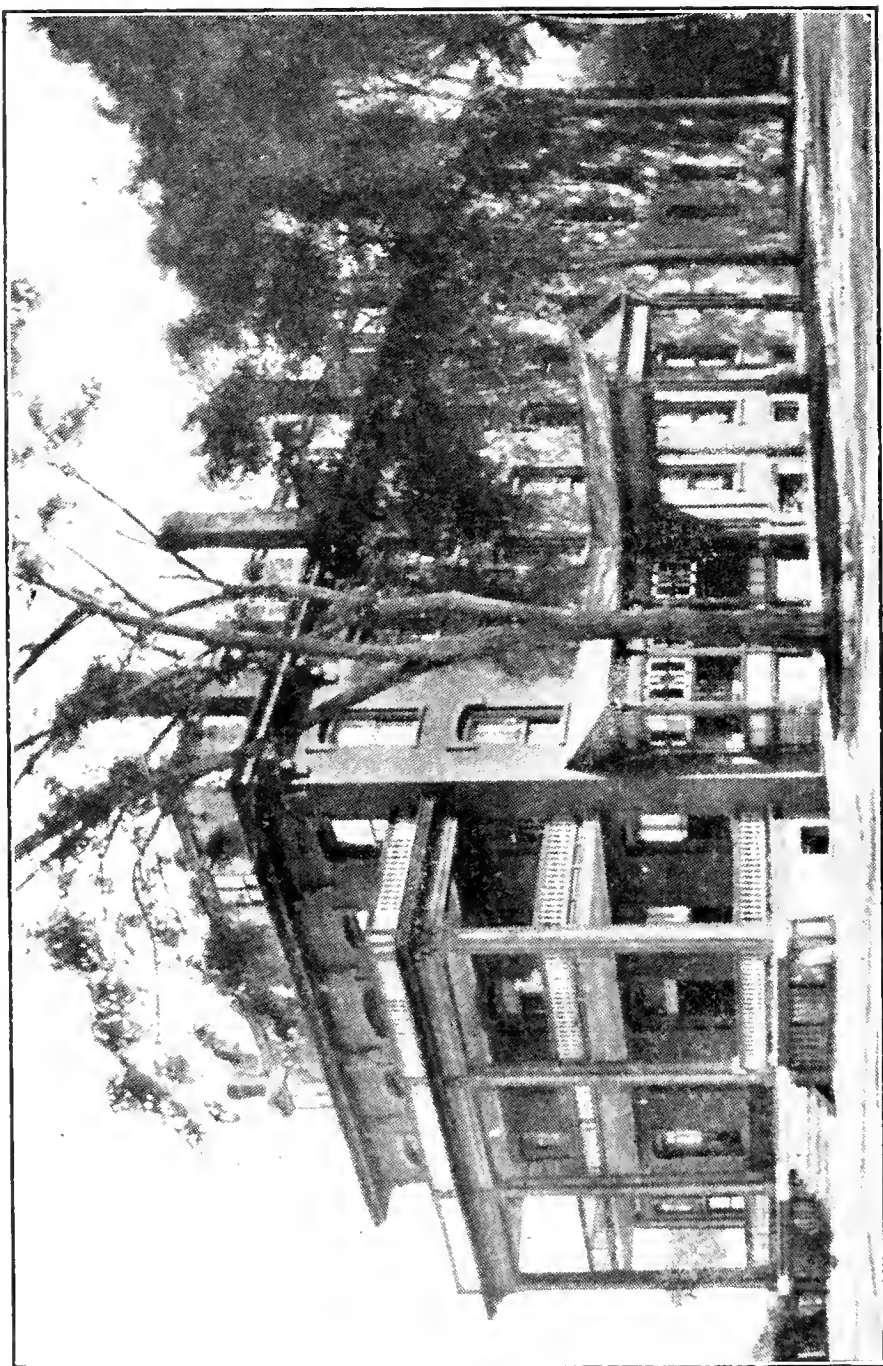


Hotel Champlain from Steamboat Landing.

from Port Kent, for many miles along the way appearing light and graceful as if built of straw yet most substantial when reached at last. This hotel of the north belongs also to the Delaware & Hudson company and is a noted stop-over place for Adirondackers or travelers in transit between the big cities of the north and south.

One more landing is made before the end is reached—Cliff Haven, site of the Catholic Summer School, a center of intellect, advance and athletic progress—then to Plattsburg and the day is done. Here, near the landing is the famous old Fouquet House which under its founders became known so extensively abroad that it was a common belief among foreigners the only way into the Adirondack Mountains lay through its grounds. On the passing of the Fouquets the house languished for a time, but now, has been put in fine condition by its new owner, R. J. Clark, a new manager installed, and here the traveler, weary perhaps with the completeness of the day and trip may find rest and refreshment.

And whether your course lies through Adirondack wilds or northward to Mount Royal or to the quaint places of the old city of Quebec may it yield pleasure like, though it can never equal that which belongs to a journey through Beautiful Lake George and Lake Champlain.



Fouquet House.

INTO THE WESTERN WILDS



From Plattsburgh to Saranac Lake via the Chateaugay is 74 miles. Last month I told of early Spring journeyings over this way to Lake Placid and a trip around the Saranacs by carriage, ending at Saranac Inn. The trip, continued down the west side, through Fulton Chain, and into Raquette Lake, follows.



FROM SARANAC INN westward at noon. Luncheon on the train. Arrived at Fulton Chain, and staged to Old Forge to get a look at the Forge House before taking boat for Fourth Lake. House now kept by the Quinn Brothers refitted and refurnished—the house not the brothers—They appeared all right, even in their working clothes.

A new feature here is a modern cafe and grill room which will no doubt be appreciated by cottagers and fishing parties who come to camp around the shores of the lakes, and who have longings for food and refreshment at uncertain hours of the day or night because of irregular coming and departure of trains. This is the end of the railroad and the beginning of the steamboat trip through the Chain with a service that is quite satisfactory whatever one may think of arbitrary rules and rates.



Interest began immediately we entered the stream which is the outlet of First Lake, in trees felled by the industrious beavers imported from Montana last winter and placed out here. It is believed there are upward of two hundred alive now in the wilderness and, according to best reports all doing well and quite reconciled to man's approach.

Through First, Second and Third Lakes we steamed and more than half through Fourth to land at Cohasset, where Si. Wood, who has wintered well and comes out now sleek and younger by ten years in appearance than I had ever before seen him, said welcome. The reason for his return of youth confidently given me by the captain of the Uncas was that Si. had sold his naphtha launch and rid himself forever of the brain racking effort to understand the plagued thing anyway. Three guests were already here a genial couple of old timers who had come regularly for years and a bronzed young Miss Independence who went carrening bare-headed over the lake in her swift motor boat, guarded by her watchful dog protector, and challenging admiration by her superiority to all or any young man guidance.

The return boat dropped me off at Bald Mountain House where a hearty greeting was extended by the shirt-sleeved proprietor busy with preparations for expected guests. Here



FOURTH LAKE.



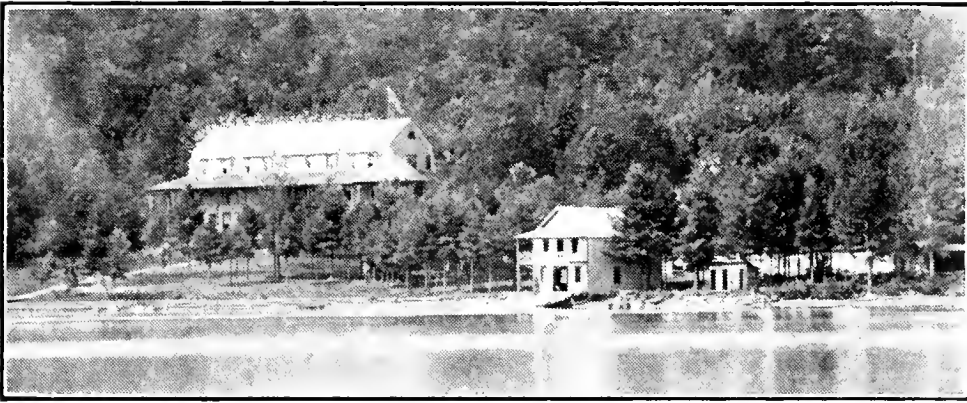
THIRD LAKE.



SECOND LAKE.

FIRST LAKE.

the night was spent in blissful sleep, free from the terror of black flies, behind wide screened windows under spotless sheets. Wholesome is the word descriptive. And of the place the United States Health Bulletin, an authority on such



Bald Mountain House.

matters, gives unqualified praise to the Bald Mountain House for its sanitary condition. One other guest who had come out of his Jersey home to spy out a summer place for his brood, was there, and though nursing unnumbered small blotches come of unanointed fishing up an inviting brook, yet was gleefully returning home that day, enthusiastic and triumphant, for he had "found the place."

On the morning boat I went to the head of Fourth Lake. Fourth Lake is six miles long and the boat ran nearly double its entire length as it cut from right to left to various landings, making thirty-one stops on the way.

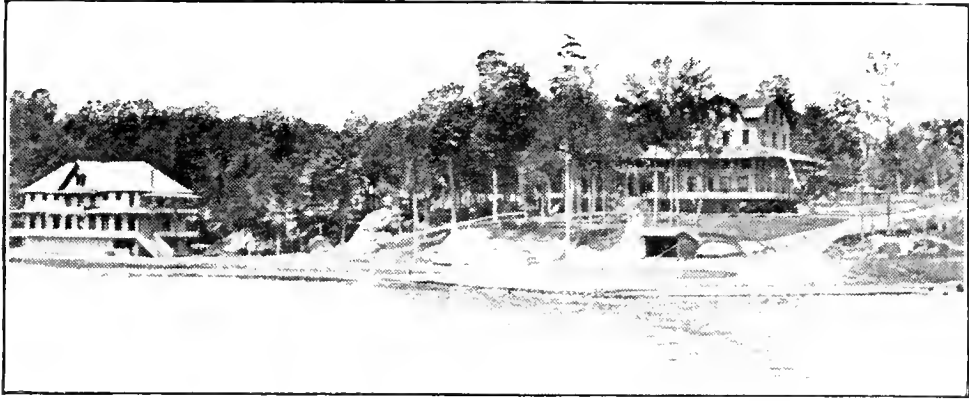
Purser McLaughlin—busiest of men—found time between breaths to tell me all about it. There are over a hundred permanent camps and cottages on this single lake. The entire shore is cut into lots of 200 feet front. Only about 50 of these lots remain unsold and he has one—the gem of the entire bunch—which, for a consideration, he will part with if approached in a proper spirit and with the price.

The “Arrowhead” at the head of Fourth Lake presented a scene of bustle as we landed. Everything was being put in order for expected guests by the new proprietor, C. A. O’Hara of the “Inlet,” who now takes upon himself the management of the larger house, also. Many improvements are being made and every thing will be in full blast when this writing is before the public.

“The Wood” is a new name to an old established place, known heretofore as Hess Camp. It has been enlarged to double its former capacity, steam heat and electric lights put in and labor and money lavishly bestowed in beautifying the grounds by our genial old friend, P. C. Wood, formerly of the Forge House, who counts a host of friends among Adirondack visitors and deserves them.

Dinner at Wood’s and a drive around the head of the lake afterward, brought us to Eagle Bay, which like other places generally at this season of the year was preparing for summer guests. A new casino is the special feature of this year’s opening while the closely cropped lawn, rocks garnished with vines, clumps of brilliant hued flowers and concrete walks extending to the waters edge enhance the natural

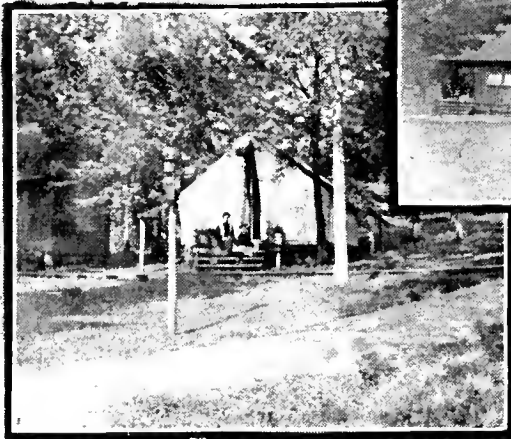
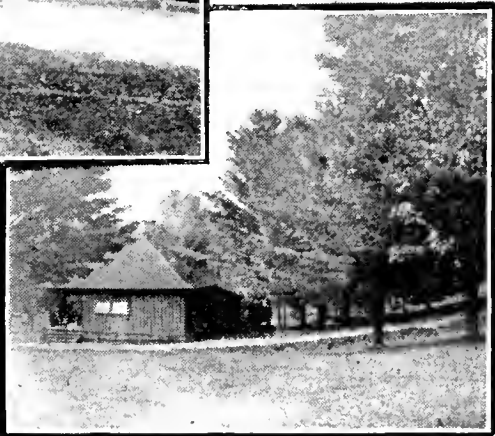
attractiveness of the place. W. A. Preston is the artist and entitled to the credit of bringing



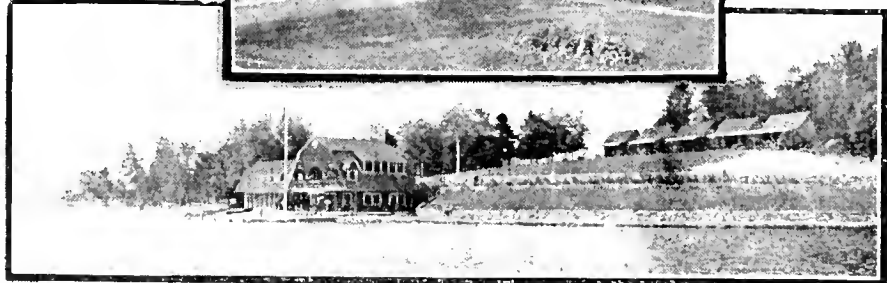
Eagle Bay.

order out of chaos and putting Eagle Bay healthily on the map.

At three minutes to five the train pulled into the station that is back against the mountain and on it I, went over to Raquette. The ride cost 35 cents and is worth the price. The locomotive that hauled us burns oil instead of coal. Oil costs about three times as much as coal but the necessity was put upon the managers to prevent sparking, and incidentally, a punishment for the strain put on the consciences of members of the commission who permitted the building of a railroad through prohibited land. Alchemists have dreamed for ages of transmuting the baser metals into gold and in vain. The mistake of these wise guys was that they began wrong end first. If you have the gold it is

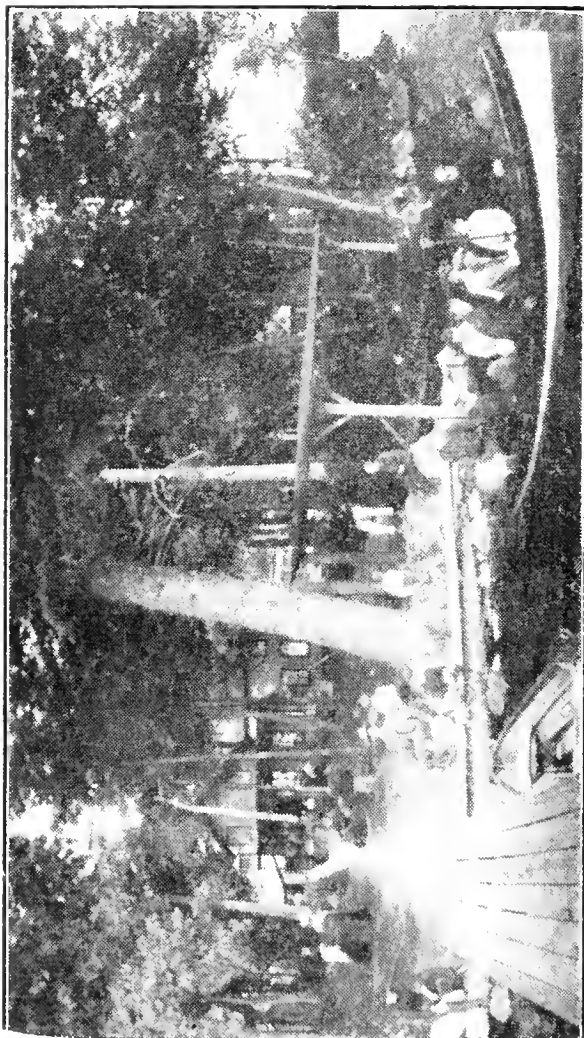


THE ANTLERS.



easy enough to turn it into almost anything wanted. In this case they wove a golden web and, under the magic of millions, vanderbilt the road over state land through virgin forest, where the man without a pull would look in vain for entering crevice. Thus it happens that this spur of the main line is for the sins it caused others to commit held in tribute to John D., his heirs and assigns, forever. But, however much one may deplored the entering wedge one cannot but appreciate the convenience of getting into a bunk at the Grand Central station and opening eyes on the dewey shores of Raquette as one may now do during the season of pleasure travel. At the lake station, line boats are taken for ^{Blue}~~Bald~~ Mountain Lake and launches from the same point to the various hotels about the Raquette.

The Antlers stands first as the first established modern place of entertainment now entering its twenty-third year under the management of its creator, C. H. Bennett who found a treeless point of sand and rock, and turned it into a place of sod and flowers and spreading trees; meantime the little office building and a half dozen box like-cabins have grown into a cluster of up-to-date buildings, fitted with modern comforts. A thorough appointed community of cottages, still preserving the original distinctive features of individual dwellings with



Sunset Camp.

one central dining room and office and with a reputation for excellence of table unexcelled by the most pretentious hotels of the country.

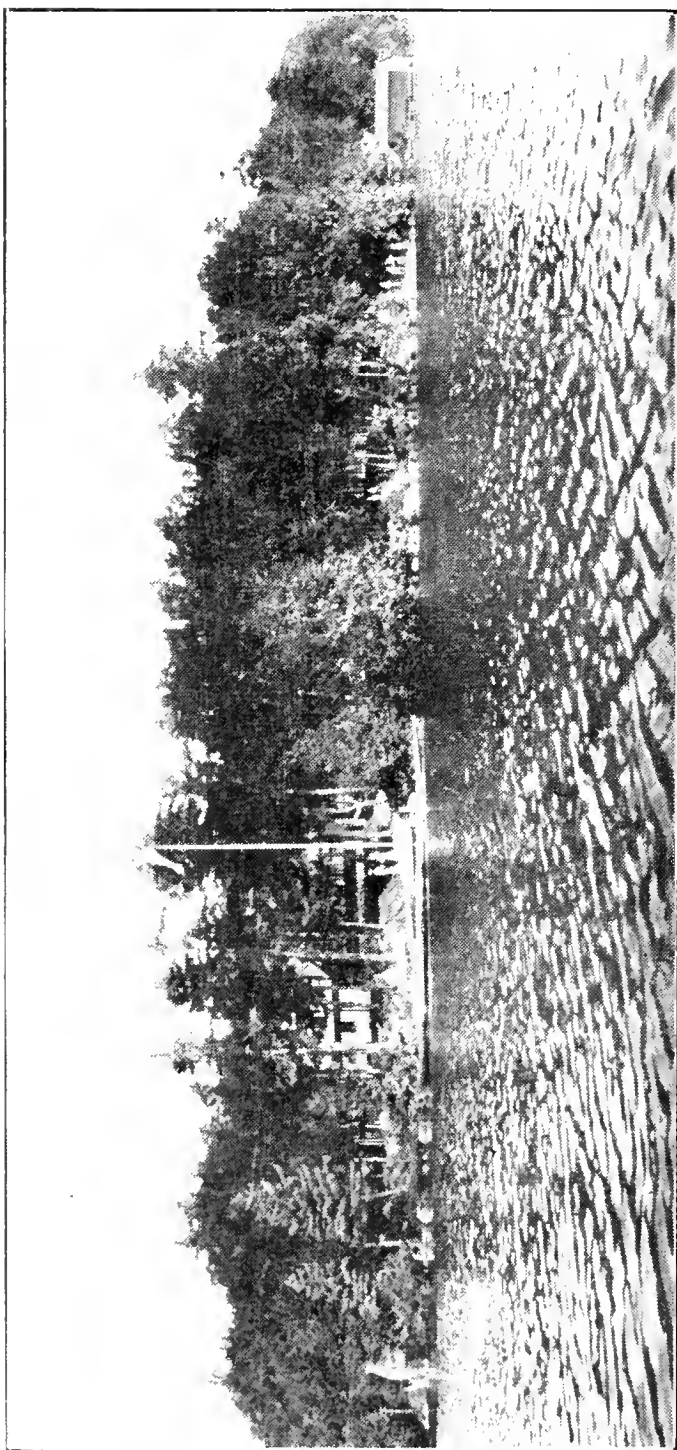
At the sound of our whistle three mighty colliers, shaggy, fat and vociferous, came bowling down the grassy slope to the beach and far out in-



Welcome to the Antlers.

to the water to welcome the fresh arrivals. A sight of the big, healthy well-kept fellows was itself a guarantee of good living to be found at their master's table.

An evening of story-telling followed, in which the genial owner brought out glimpses of old times when, as guide and hunter he had tramped these wilder ways. Stories of Ned Buntline, the erratic; of Murray, the princely; of old Alva Dunning the mystic; personal friends of the narrator; of hunting big game that would tempt a president, and of fishing that would almost rouse old Isaac from his grave; all with the fervor of one who loved the woods and waters, and had spent a life among the things he loved. Alas, those great days in the Adiron-



Brightside.

dacks are passed—or the stories have lost nothing in the telling.

A brother of our host—Richard by name, though all his friends call him plain Dick—has a growing hotel plant over on Constable Point at the east side north of the Marion River. He calls it Sunset Camp, and in house and board-bottomed tents makes many welcome.

West of the Antlers under "The Craggs" is another quite noted resort called "Brightside," built and operated by J. O. A. Bryere, an artist in rustic wood. With a capitol of \$4.13 he began the construction of his main building, which completed cost something over \$9,000, indicating that even an artist may have some grain of practical sense when he drops into financial things.

That night at the Antlers the waitress began her list of things to eat, to wit, namely: Fried bacon, brook trout, lamb ch—"

"Stop! Stop! Enough. Don't spend your breath to tell of more. Trout for mine!"

"And mine!"

"And mine!"

"And mine!" in cross-time cadence from the three other insurance adjusters who had drifted in and knew a good risk when they saw it.

And the Normal Professor who had run up from Albany to locate a school site—and incidentally to get a bit of fishing—lapsing into inconsequent youth shouted, "Me too!" while the writer of these simple words gasping "Ditto!" fell back.

Why waste words?

* * * *

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 Forge House. \$3 up. P. C. Wood, Old Forge, N. Y.
 Bald Mountain House. \$2.50-\$4. C. M. Barrett, Old Forge, N. Y.
 Cohasset. \$2. Josiah A. Wood, Old Forge, N. Y.
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 Inlet Inn. \$2-\$2.50. C. A. O'Hara, Inlet, N. Y.
 Grove House. \$3-\$4. A. D. Brown & Co., Grove, N. Y.
 The Sagamore. James H. Reardon, Long Lake, N. Y.
 Fenton House. \$2. C. Fenton Parker, Number Four, N. Y.
 Wayside Inn. \$2 up day. John Anderson, Jr., Newcomb.
 The Antlers. \$3.50 up. C. H. Bennett, Raquette Lake, N. Y.
 Sunset Camp. \$2.50 up. Richard Bennett, Raquette Lake,
 Brightside Cottages. \$3. J. O. A. Bryere, Raquette Lake.
 Lake Placid, (Club.) Lake Placid, N. Y.
 Grand View House. \$4. Thomas Parkes, Lake Placid, N. Y.
 Stevens House. Geo. A. Stevens, Lake Placid, N. Y.
 Ruisseauumont. \$4.00 and up day. E. H. Patrick, Lake Placid.
 Undercliff. Address "Undercliff," Lake Placid, N. Y.
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 The Algonquin. \$4. John Harding, Saranac Lake.
 Saranac Inn. \$4. M. B. Marshall, Upper Saranac Lake.
 The Wawbeek. \$4 up. J. Ben Hart, Wawbeek, N. Y.
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 Watch Rock Hotel. \$3.50. George Cecil, Schroon L., N. Y.
 Grove Point House. \$3.50 up. W. A. McKenzie, Schroon Lake.
 Leland House. \$17.50-\$28. C. T. Leland, Mgr., Schroon Lake.

SARATOGA.

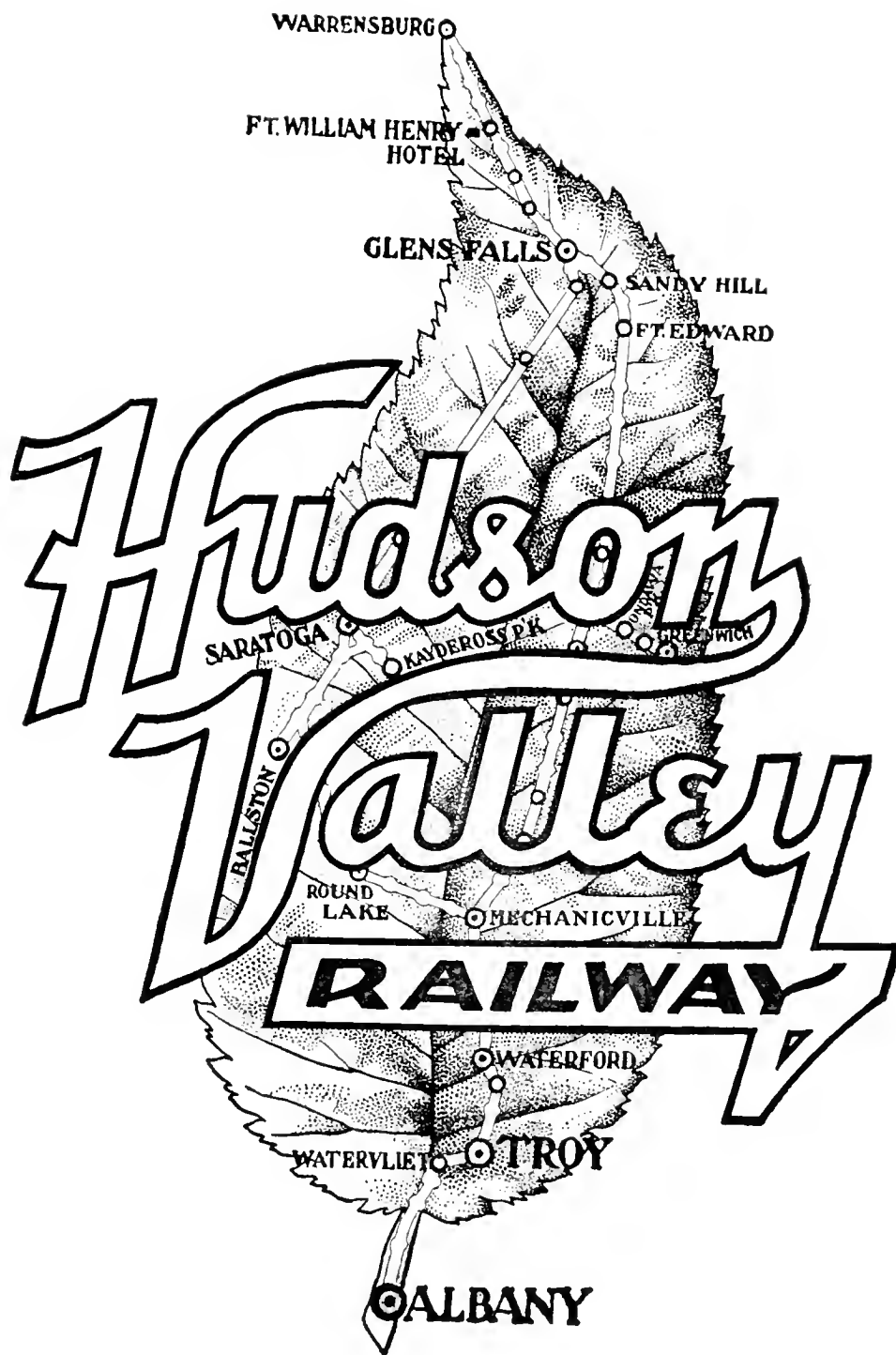
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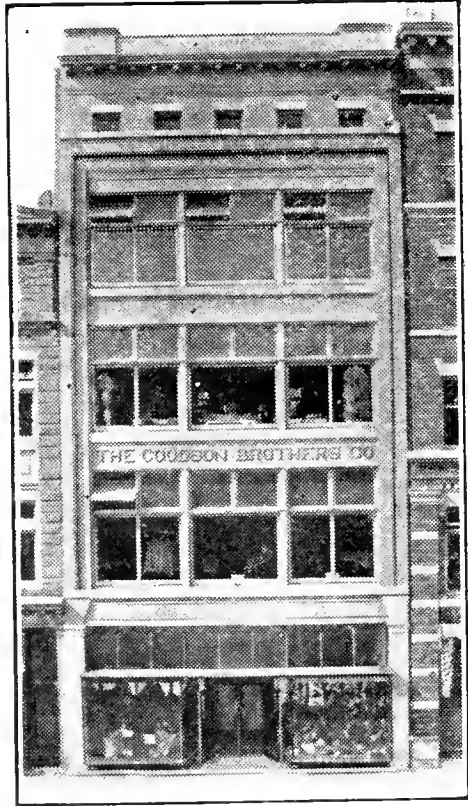
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 Trembleau Hall. \$2.50 up. Farrell & Adgate, Port Kent, N. Y.
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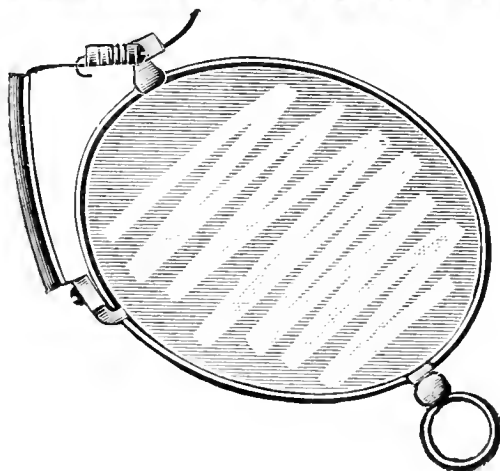
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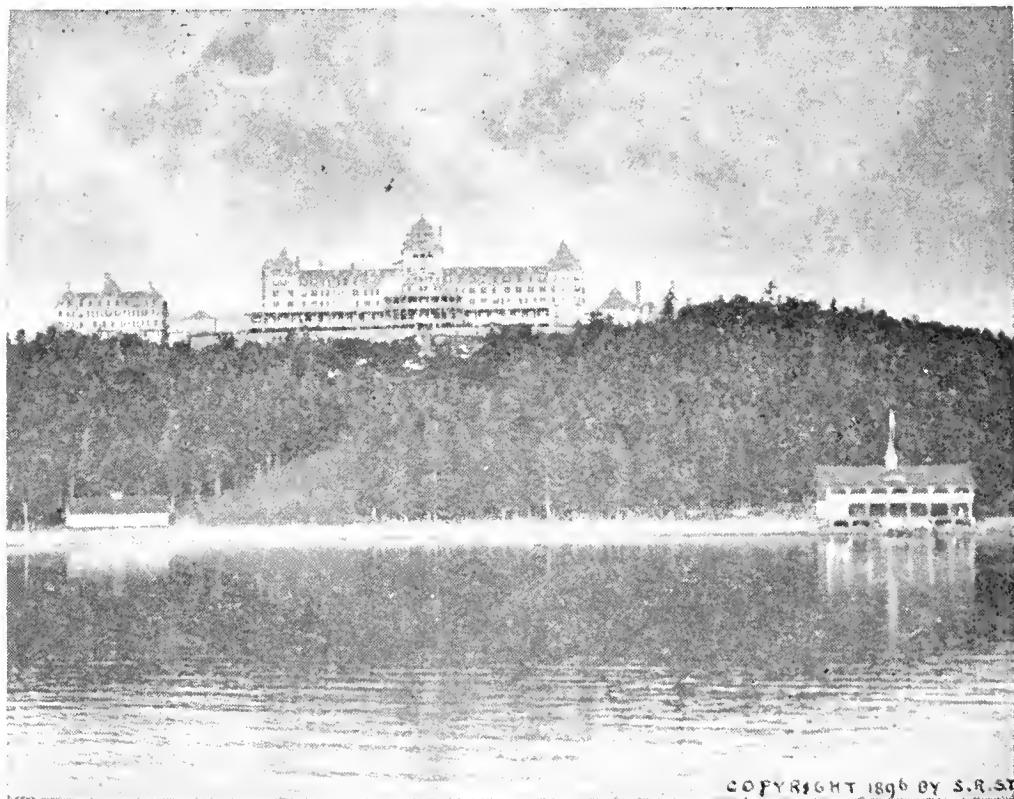
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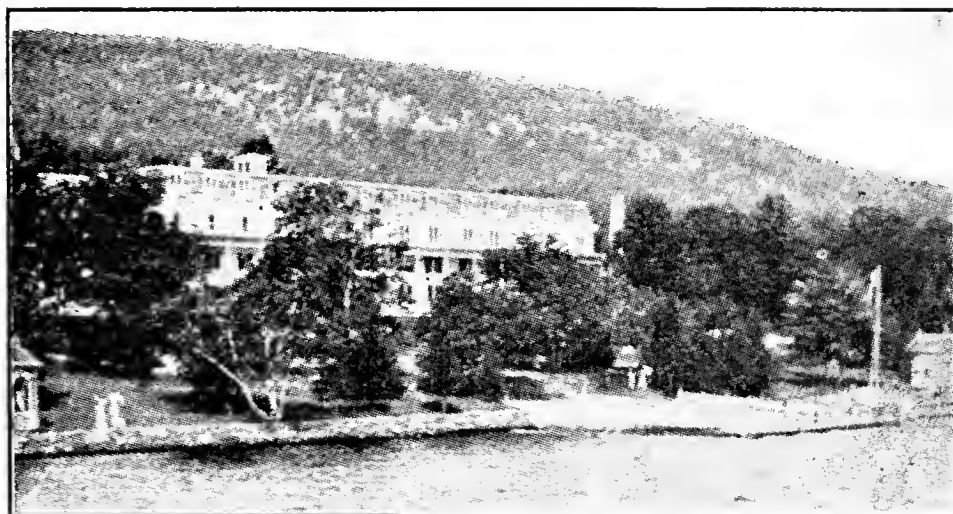
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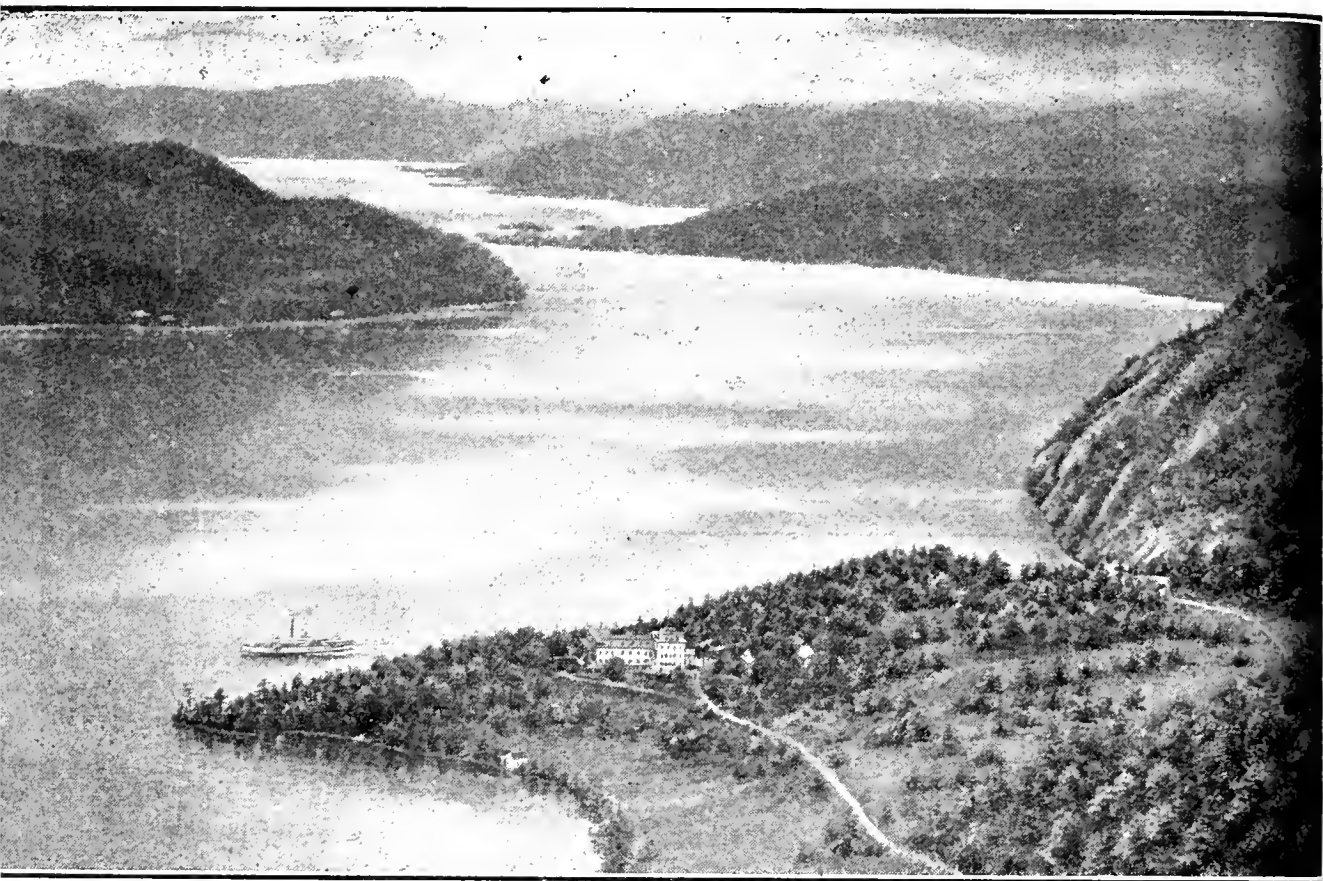
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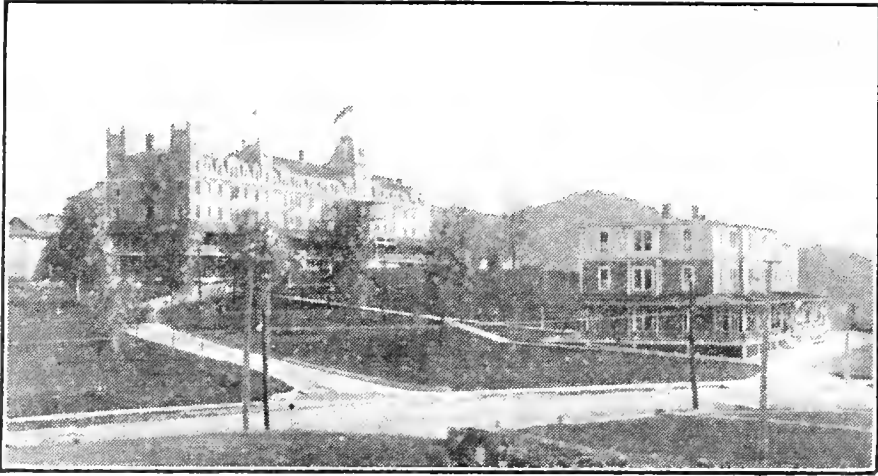
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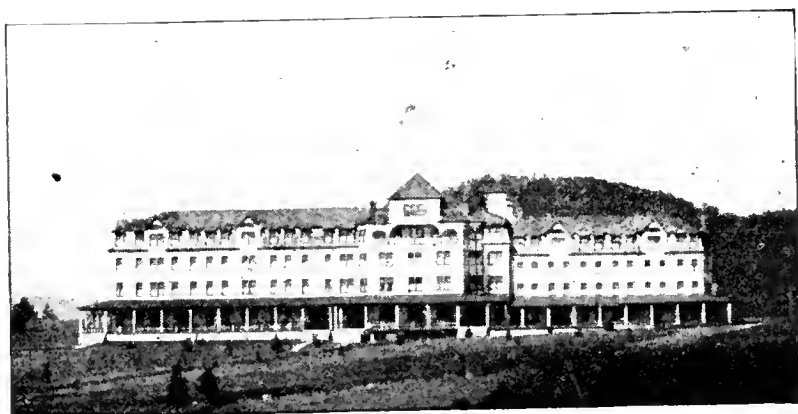
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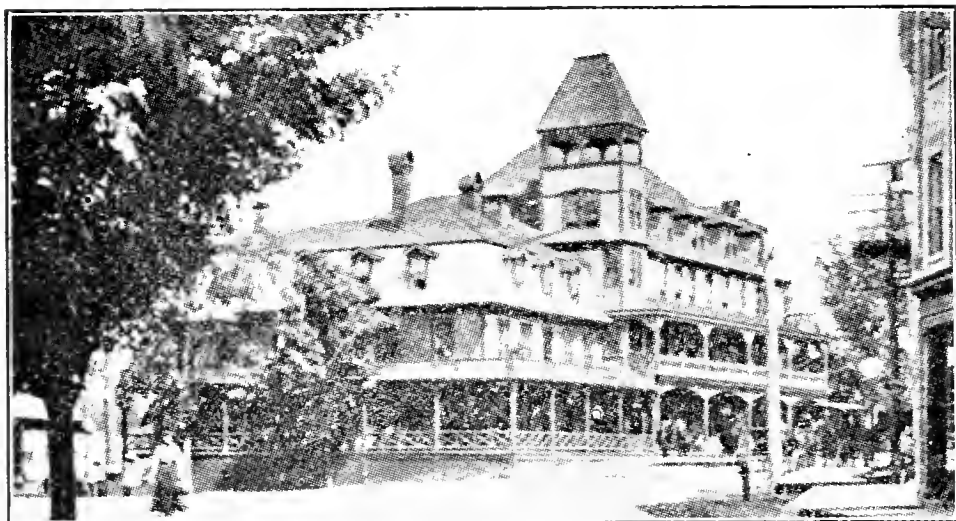
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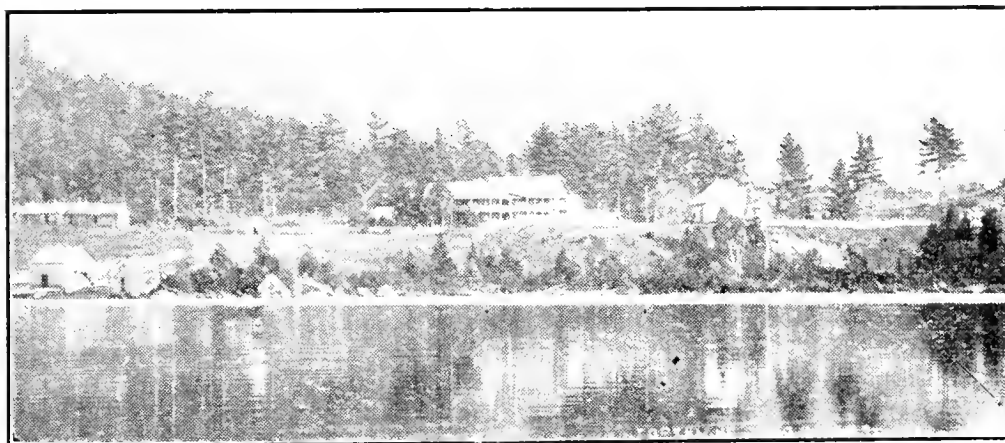
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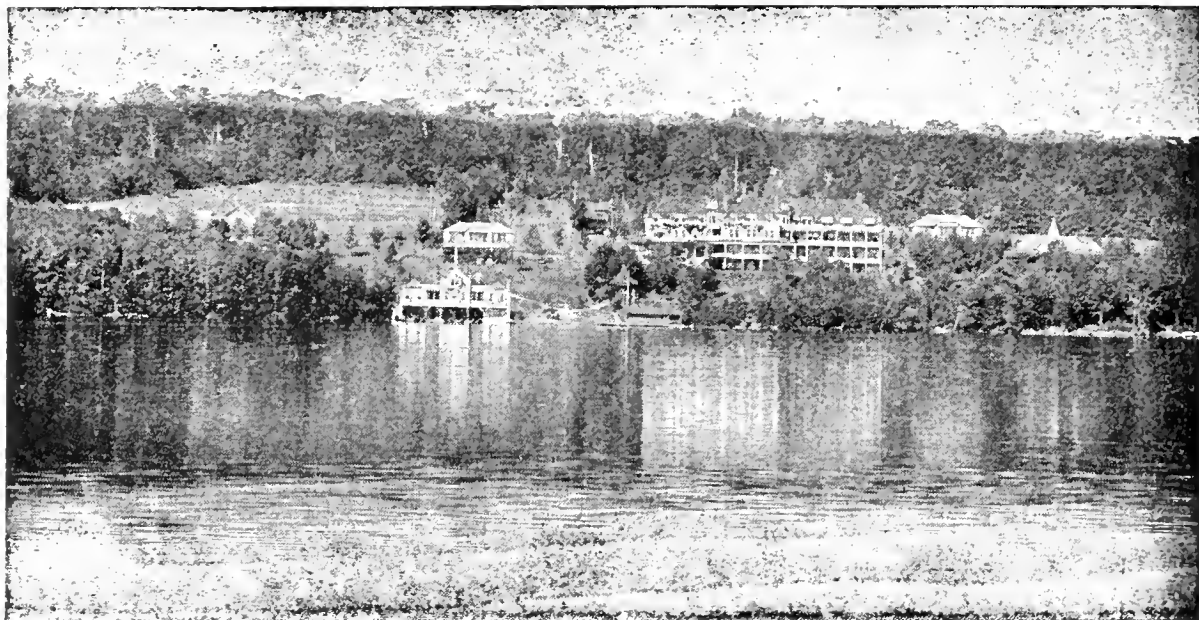


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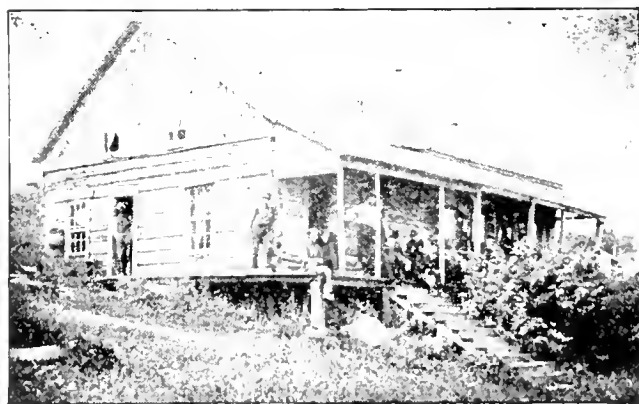
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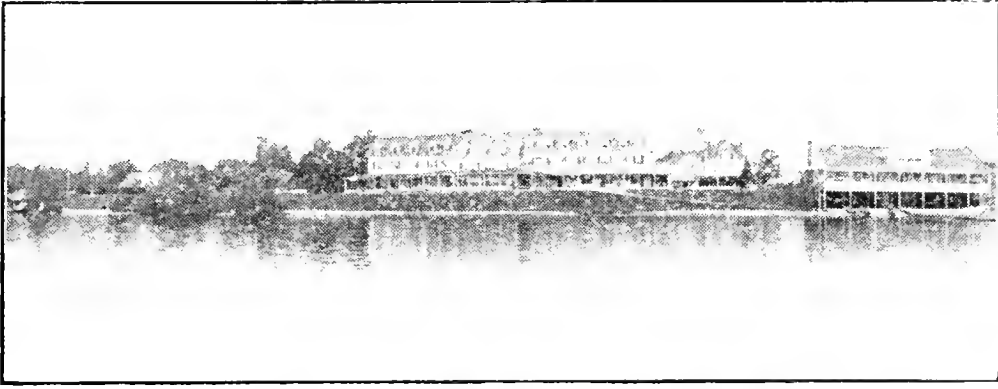
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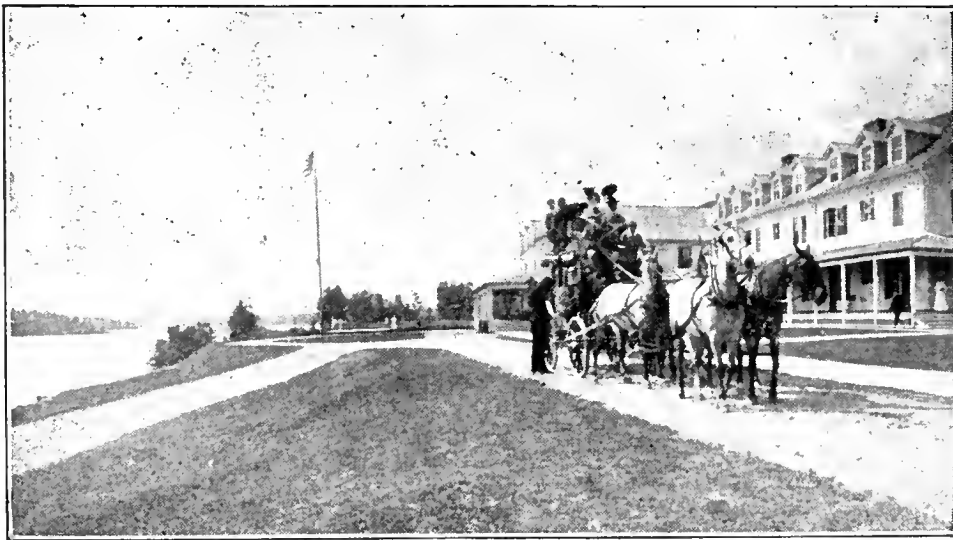
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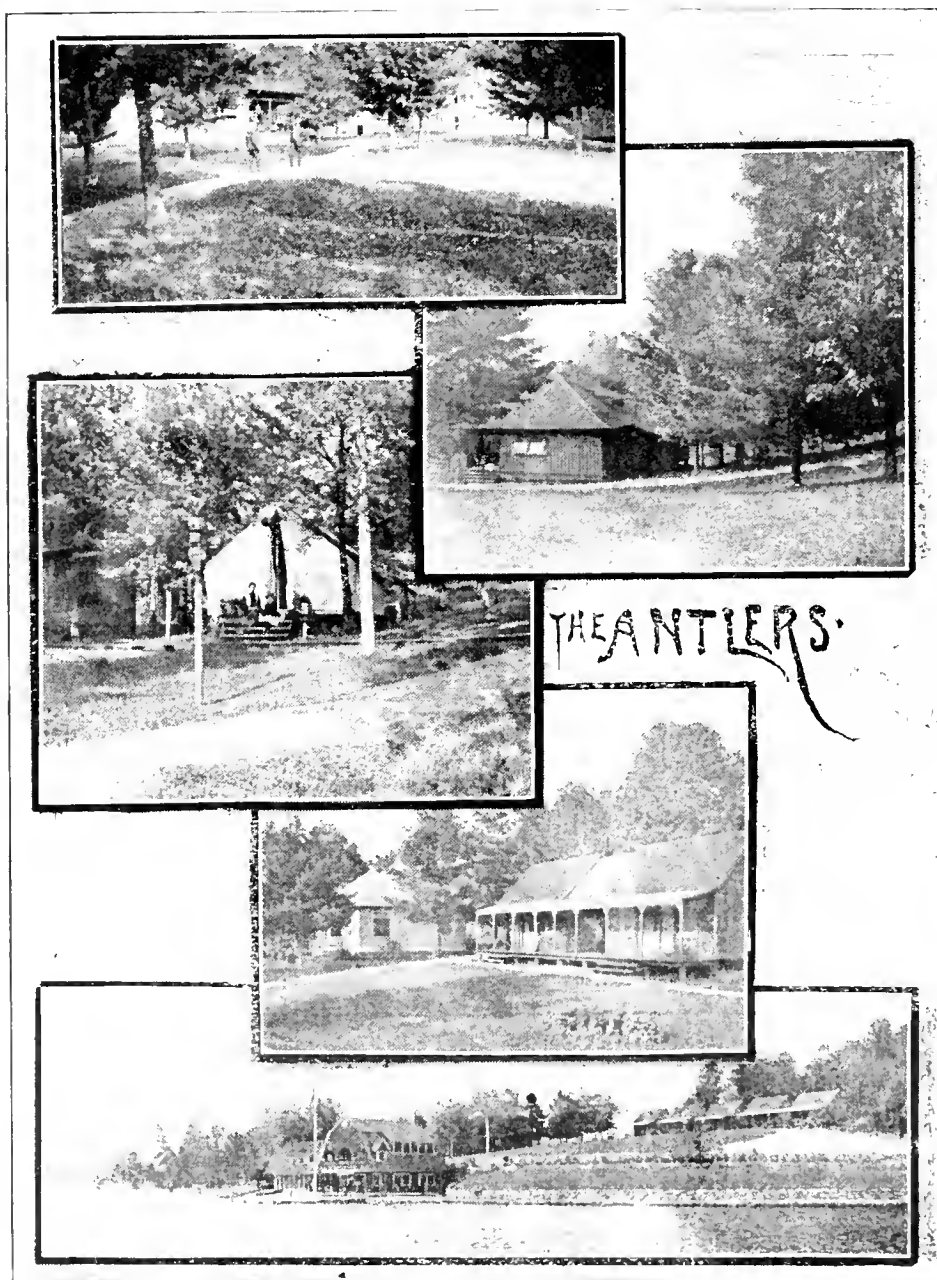
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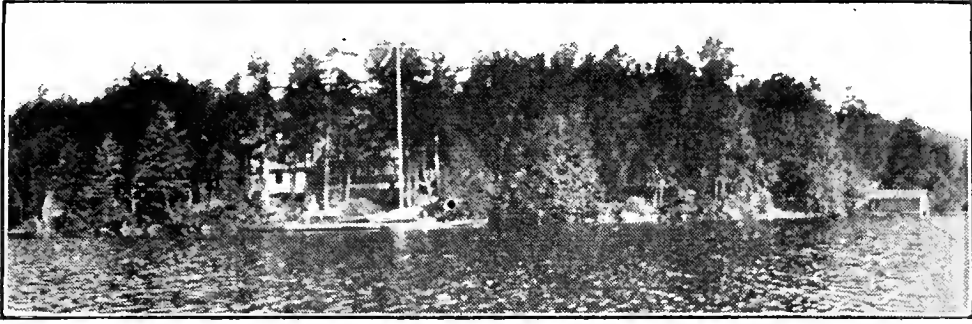
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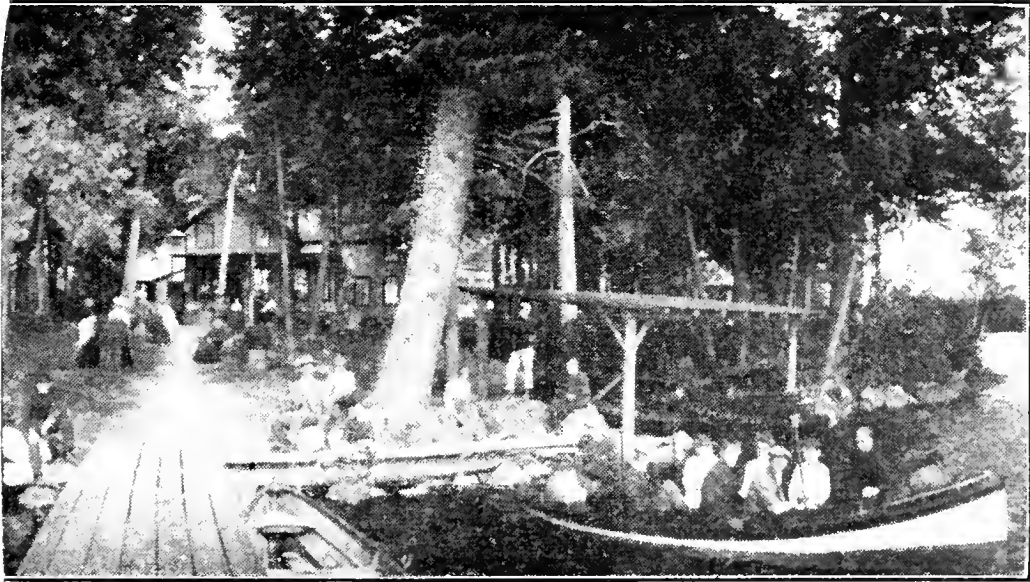
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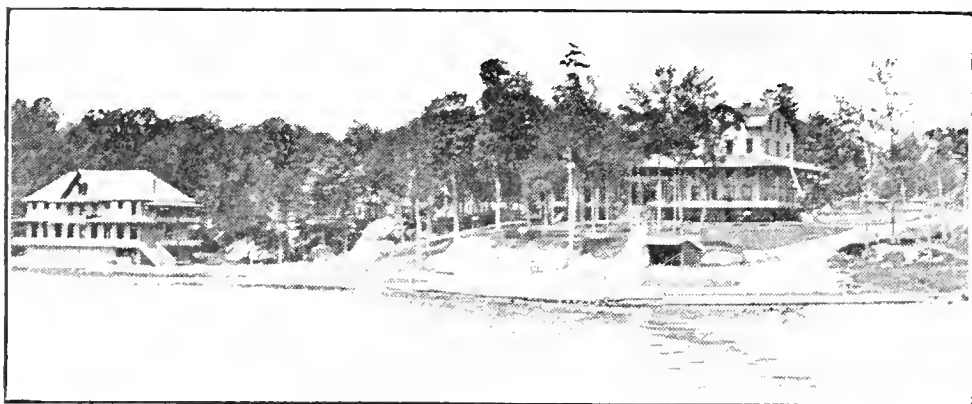
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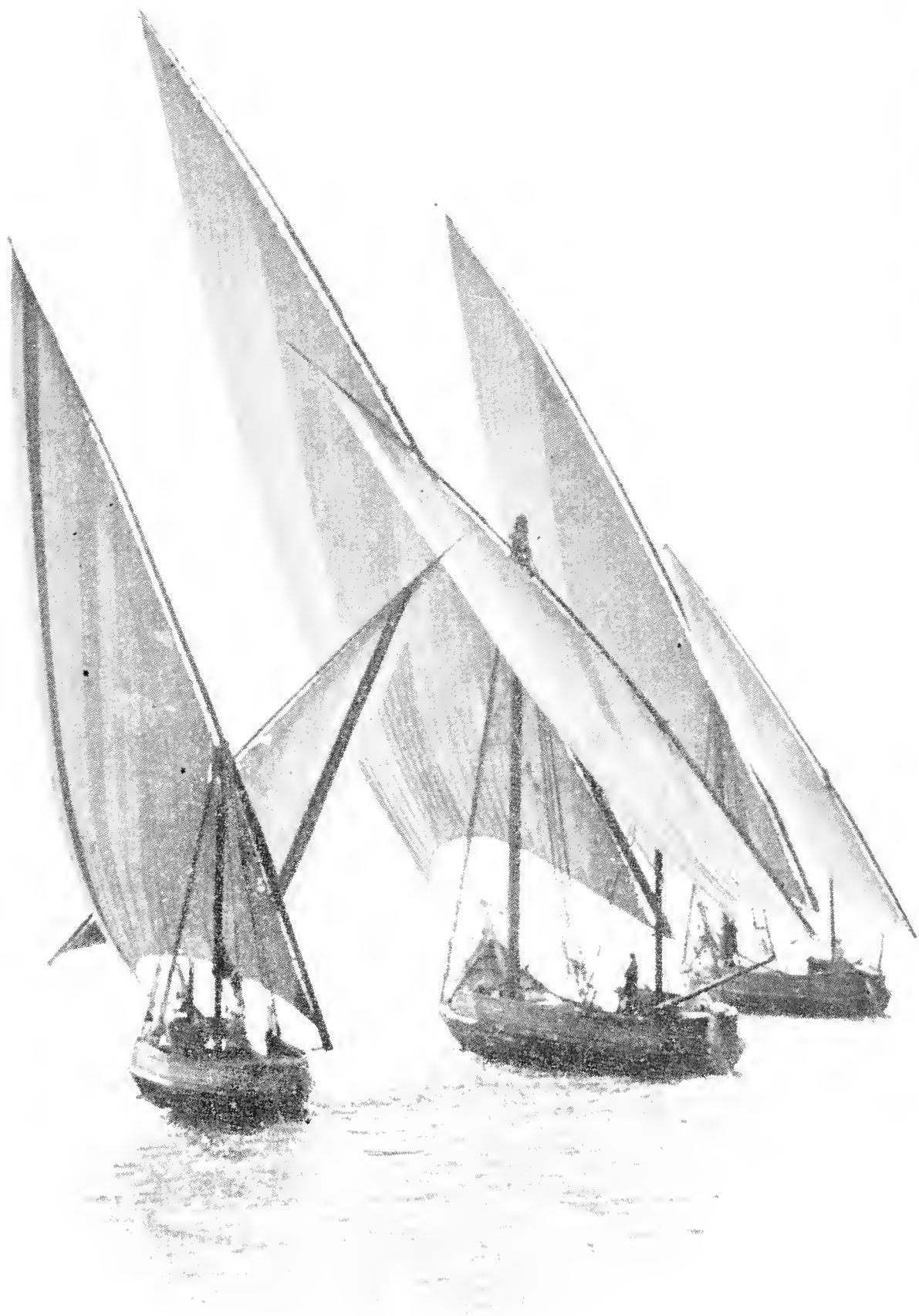
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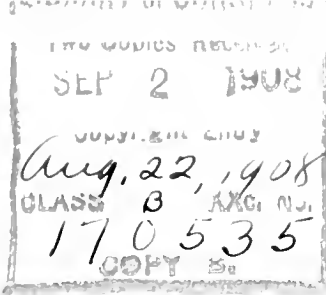
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It's easy enough to be merry
When life goes by with a song,
But the Man worth While
Is the Man who can Smile
When Everything goes Dead Wrong.



NILE BOATS



STODDARD'S ADIRONDACK MONTHLY

Vol. IV

SEPTEMBER, 1908

No. 3

The Cruise of the Friesland
TO MEDITERRANEAN LANDS
S. R. STODDARD

THE STREETS OF CAIRO



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in contained! A jumble of the
modern and of the time when
history was not. The Nine-
teenth Century linked with Cre-
ation! A tragical burlesque!
A nightmare. A pleasant dream.

The peoples of all countries are represented
and their country with them. The burning
Tropics and the frozen Poles are here, to get or
to give. The stranger wonders at what he finds.
The native wonders what there is to wonder at
but does not let his wonderings interfere with
his business of taking the stranger in. The
Oriental cannot understand what there is in



A STREET IN OLD CAIRO

travel to interest people. He reasons that those who come so far just to *see* things must be either weak-minded or insane, and treats them accordingly. The visitor is experimented on, craftily, as a creature who, whatever his mental condition generally, may have occasional glimmerings of sense, and perchance insist on certain absurd rights he may think his regarding the money he brings. He must therefore be wheedled or frightened, according as tests in these directions result in little or much bakshish.

The leavened mass is Oriental and the Oriental does not have a very high opinion of the European, or his offshoot. In his opinion the European does everything wrong end first—back handed—as he writes—from left to right, instead of from right to left as he ought. He wears his shoes in the sanctuary. He uncovers his head, and stares about in holy places!

The streets of old Cairo are like a kaleidoscope, a wonderful combination of changing form and color, of writhing lines of picturesque humanity; condensing and dissolving, swelling and melting, crowding and jostling; a babel of noises; of strifes that mean nothing; of fierce threatenings that are harmless; of quarrels that seldom come to blows. Everything is continually getting out of the way of something else at a sacrifice of all dignity. The right of way is readily accorded to might. The universal law



THE LOADED CAMEL.

“Who swerves not a hair’s
breadth to right or left, though
the King himself come that way.”

seems to be—not care to prevent running over the weaker but alertness on the part of the weaker to prevent being run over. Where the Englishman would resist as an imposition the Egyptian dodges and takes it out of his smaller brother next time. The footman gets out of the way of the man on the donkey: the donkey slips from under the feet of the horse: horse, man and everything else with sense give way to the loaded camel, who swerves not a hair's breadth to right or left, though the King himself come that way.

All the trades are on the streets and indiscriminately mixed. The metal worker, the tailor, the shoemaker are on benches or little shelves, in alcoves, or on platforms, narrowing still more the already narrow way. The hat-maker is there to iron your fez while you wait; also the dealer in toys and curios and in strange gods and in bogus antiquities. Here, the devout Mussulman kneels in prayer and the crowd step over or around him. There, gray-beards are reciting passages of the Koran. One sits on a shelf seat against the wall, meditating, without seeming thought or interest in the busy life around him. Porters carry things of enormous bulk by means of a rope or strap across the forehead. The streets are watered by men who carry the water in a bag made from the skins of goats, spraying the surface where neces-



The Restful Oriental

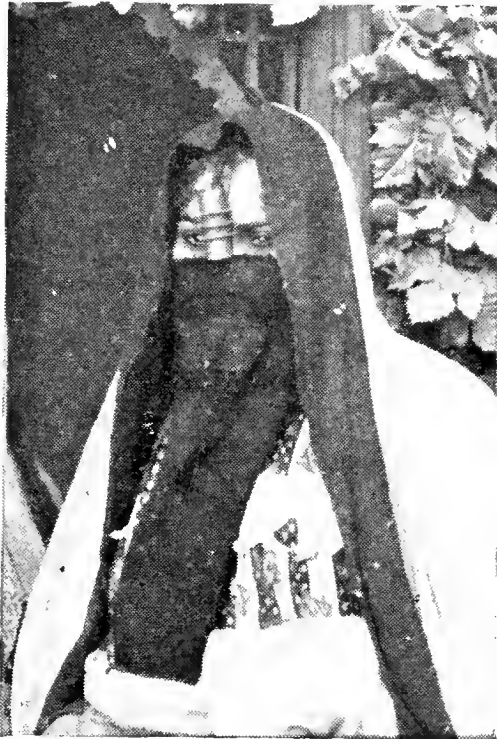


The Street Sprinkler



A Mystery

sary by loosening their clasp on what was once the throat of the animal to which the skin originally belonged. Native women are seen bare-faced on the streets sometimes, but they are a low class indeed who do not follow the Eastern fashion of covering the face with a veil. Here



it is held in place by the "ko-ro-za" (I spell it phonetically), a brass tube with saw-like rings around and supported by means of a cord passing through it and over the head from front to back. This instrument of torture, which is almost universally worn by women in Egypt, seems to place them on a par with other savages who wear for ornament, metal bars thrust through their upper lip, or rings in their noses—and ears.

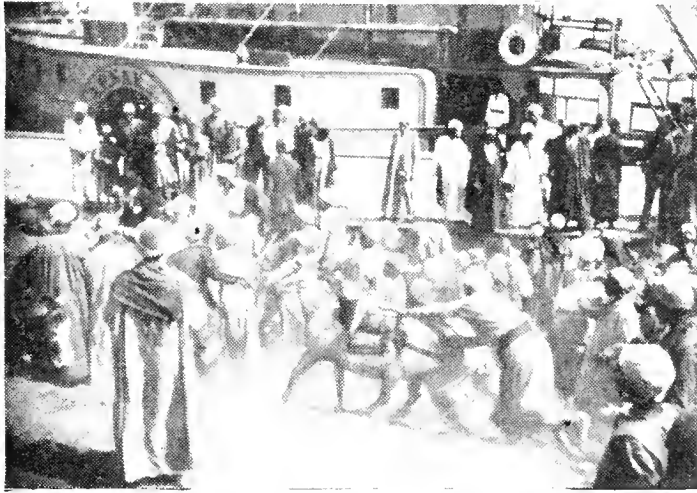


The Indispensable Donkey



In the city you do not feel that you have an indolent people to deal with. The bare-footed bootblack of Cairo is fully as importunate in soliciting your patronage as is his soiled brother of the Western world—and about a hundred times as noisy.

The Arabian donkey-boy is a distinctive feature of the East. While in your employ he is a staunch supporter, often guide, philosopher and friend. He is indispensable in visiting some of the narrower streets, which are usually dirty in



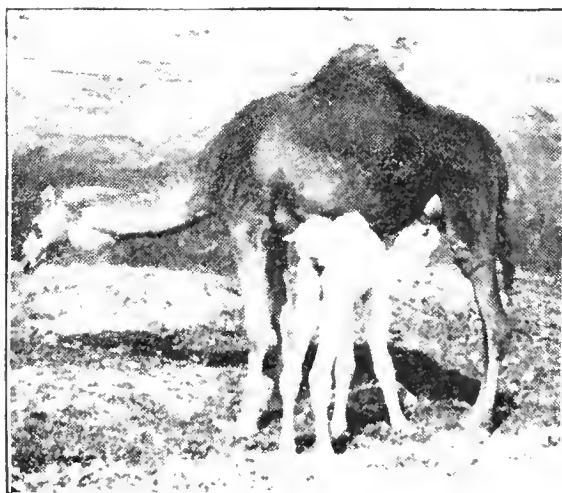
proportion as they are interesting. The cost for a donkey and attendant is from 15 to 20 cents an hour. If you are fortunate in getting a good donkey the sensation of riding is rather pleasant and restful than otherwise. He glides along under you with his little mincing trot, giving



An American Beauty



The Useful
"Ship of the Desert"



you a succession of shocks like the throbbing of an intermittent electrical current, while the attendant runs behind and encourages the beast by the use of choice Arabic and a cudgel, both of which he applies freely.

Hotels are sufficient. Many of them are palatial and above reproach, according to Oriental standards. But some of us *did* long for just one square United States meal. We heard of a place where meals were served on the European plan, but we found the things themselves Egyptian. Our dragoman convoyed us to another where he said we could get English dishes served. The proprietor named the English dishes with much pride. They were "spuds and meat."

A common sight in Cairo is of the beturbaned schoolmaster, seated in some open court surrounded by boys who are writing on their metal slates or reciting verses of the Koran with much swaying of the body. Education in these schools consists generally of the commitment of portions of the Koran to memory. It is not necessary that it shall be understood, but to be able, parrot-like, to repeat the written law is an accomplishment not uncommon.

Overhanging latticed balconies are almost universal along the second stories of houses on the better streets, affording members of the family a chance to see without being seen. In every view will appear one or more of the many



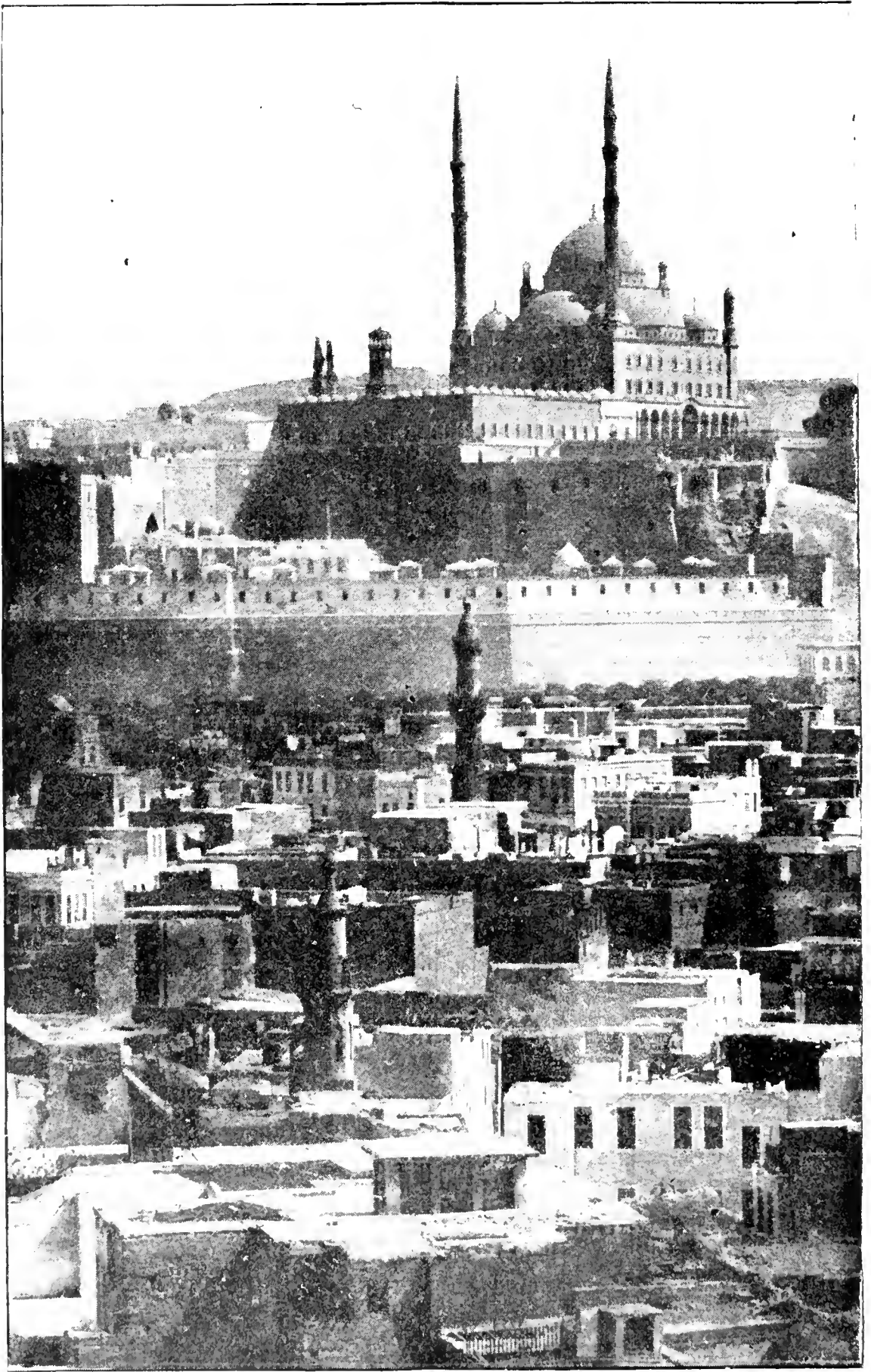
Teaching Young Egyptian Ideas to Shoot

mosques of the city, and at certain hours, away up on the slender minarets may be seen the "muezzin," whose voice comes down calling the faithful to prayer.

The beautiful mosque of Sultan Hassan is said to be the finest specimen of Byzantine-Arabian architecture existing. Within the Citadel is the "Alabaster Mosque," which is the tomb of Mohammed Ali. Here also we see the place where occurred the massacre of the Mamelukes in 1811, and a portion of the wall is pointed out where the only survivor escaped by forcing his horse to leap to the broken ground below. We descend into Jacob's well, a black shaft sunk from the heights straight down to the level of the Nile, and around which, in a sharp spiral, winds an incline by means of which water can be raised to supply the garrison in time of siege.

The tombs of the Caliphs are among the exhibits of the city. Each tomb is a mosque, dedicated to some one of the early sultans. They once had troops of paid attendants but now are more or less in ruins and infested with beggars.

The dancing dervishes gave an exhibition of religious gymnastics, which we attended. They postured and wheeled and whipped the floor with their long hair and worked themselves up into a high state of ecstatic frenzy and—took up a collection. With them insanity is a desir-



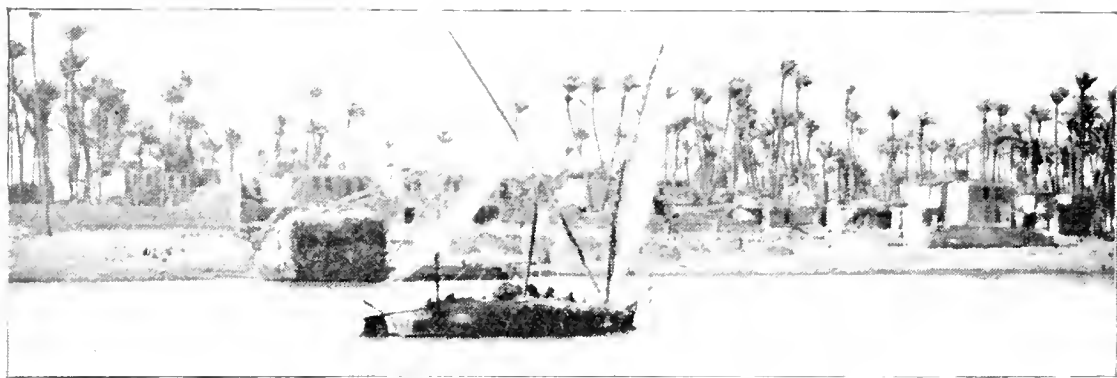
THE ALABASTER MOSQUE

able condition. Their belief is that the soul of the insane person has been taken to heaven as specially favored of God. They profess to be above earthly considerations, but I noted that when a visitor failed to drop anything in the box, the deacon—or whatever the collector may be called—made remarks which no one could mistake for blessings.



Tombs of the Caliphs

But Cairo is not all old, or poor, or dirty. It has magnificent boulevards, beautiful parks, stately public buildings. With all its noise there seems to be perfect system in things with which the public has to do. The police supervision is admirable. We had occasion to note on several occasions that any uncommon gathering quickly brought an officer to the ground. Perhaps the provoking way the inspector of police (who is an Englishman and an ex-army officer) has of



A Mud Village in a Cocoanut Grove on the Nile



A Water Gate above Cairo



A Sakieh. Method of Raising Water for Irrigating Higher Land

appearing at unexpected points and moments, has some effect in keeping police alert. Individually the native policemen seems quite Eastern and human.

We chanced to pick up in our wanderings a very intelligent young Arab, Mohammed Mohmond by name, whom we called "Charley" for



A Bedouin Camp

short. Charley knew good English; he knew the city, and he knew many things which the average dragoman did not know. Unfortunately he had no license as dragoman and the regulars made a row when they saw him riding about with us. Our second attempt to take him brought a mob of violently protesting dragomen, who assured us on their honors that Charley was a thief and a liar and would probably rob us if we persisted in carrying him around. A policeman was summoned, who yanked the boy about

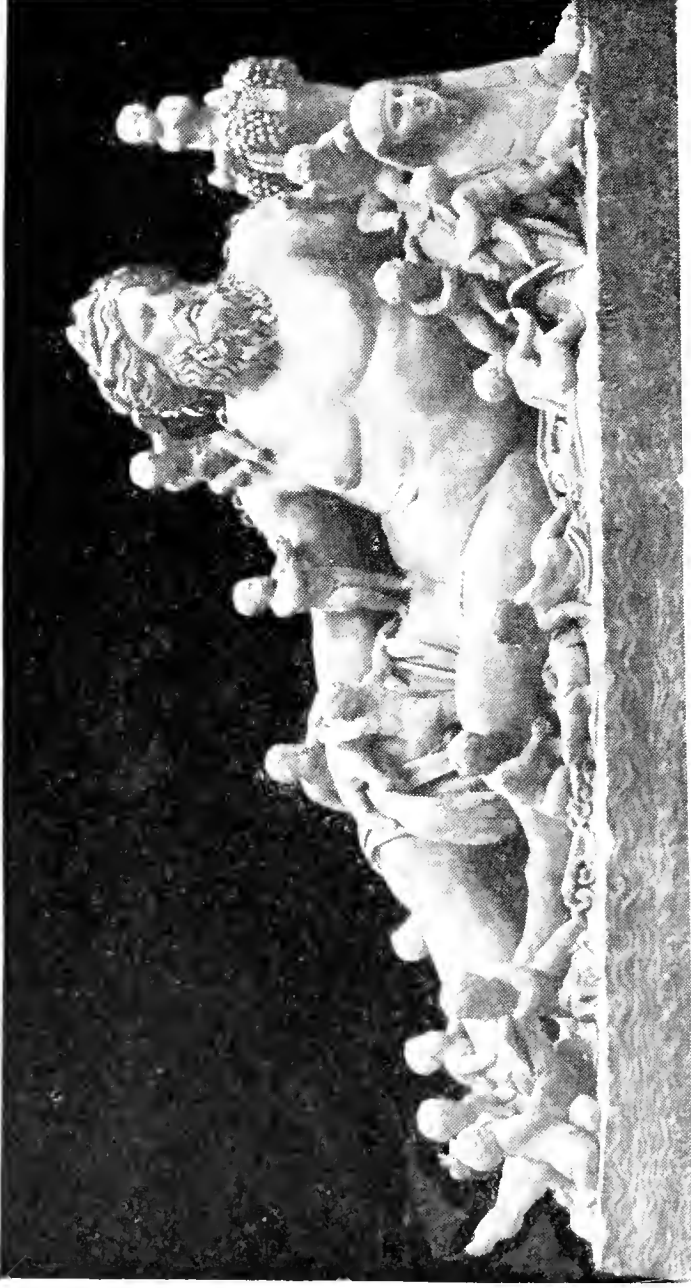


THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH FROM NEAR CAIRO

You have seen them almost from the start—dimly at first, if, perchance, the west wind has filled the air with sand—and they are disappointing, seeming so much smaller than you had thought. Gradually, they begin to weigh on the senses, but you cannot yet estimate their value in the scene for want of some unit in the measurement. At last you understand! Forms of men and of animals on the green flats at your feet, diminish into atoms long before the white sand is reached. The sand itself shows but waves, as the surface of the sea.

after the manner of policemen generally, and proposed to make an example of him for attempting to lie without a license. Mingled with the officer's volcanic sense of duty was an occasional softening which led me to think he was open to reason. I could not speak his tongue nor he mine, but there is a universal language, more potent than Volapuk, current in the East. His hand lingered in mine a moment, then we carried Charley off triumphantly, leaving Cairo's finest to explain the niceties of the law to a crowd of scowling fellow natives—and it only cost a dollar. After that it mattered not which way we drove we needed to go but little distance before we would find Charley running at our wheel.

The Oriental does not understand a joke—our jokes at least—and I presume we do not understand his. As soon think to tickle the Sphinx with a straw as to get a Western witicism into an Eastern head. He takes everything in dead earnest. He can never see the point of the most bare-faced attempt. You must explain everything, and then it produces only a sickly smile, forced because he thinks you expect it. Certain ones of the party wanted—*a la Talmadge*—to see the seamy side of Cairo, and a particularly intelligent guide was engaged for the occasion. It was explained to him—in somewhat veiled phrases perhaps—that the par-



THE SYMBOLIC RIVER NILE

The Nile was, to the ancient Egyptian, a deity. Its rising and falling marked time. It brought blessings from its unknown source. It made the land, which without it was as a stone, leap with life and laugh with plenty. It was a god to be feared also and appeased. Its anger meant disaster, its withholding famine. Its annual inundation was a mystery which it was not good for man to attempt to penetrate.

ty wished to visit the most interesting parts of Cairo by night—in fact they wanted, after the American fashion, to “See the Elephant”—the point punctuated with a wink. The guide winked back knowingly, to show that he understood—and took them to a zoological garden.

The Museum must not be forgotten. In it you are face to face with the ages. Here are great statues and works of ancient Egyptian art; jewels and ornaments of gold and silver taken from tombs where they have been hidden for thousands of years; priceless records, that have clothed what was once considered myth in the garb of unquestioned history. Here is royalty that existed before the Exodus; faces that laughed at the cry of the oppressed; brown lips that sneered at the messages of the Most High; bodies that throbbed with life and passion more than three thousand years ago, now only poor, dried, blackened shreds of flesh, of bleached bone and matted hair—a dust-covered exhibit for the curious to look upon. Here is old King Tothmes, here Great Seti, and his greater son, Rameses, the Pharaoh of the Oppression, who played see-saw with Moses in promises made but to be broken, and who persecuted the poor Israelite until one can almost approve of the command which made the chosen people thieves and robbers when they finally went out: for “they spoiled the Egyptians” according to command—and acquired a lasting habit in so doing.



A maddening rush with hissing, foam-flecked crest,
That seeks its Nerviana in the deep.
A few short days of noisy Activeness,
Then meets the ocean and eternal sleep. — Dr. Phelps.

ON SEEING PINES CUT FROM THE SHORE OF LAKE
LUZERNE.



*O! It saddens my heart
To think of thy ills:
Thou gem of the valley,
Thou tear of the hills!
O! sad wails the wind
O'er thy desolate shore,
The beauty that knew thee
Shall know thee no more.*

*How fair was thy shore
In the dawn of thy prime,
Er the smoke of the settler
Hung over the pine,
Through the bloom of the summer
And winter's wild mood,
Thy ever green shore
Cheered the Lord of the wood.*

*Thy beauty's departing:
Thy woodlands once green
Is dark where the foot
Of the spoiler has been:
The slow eating worm,
Though to nature a ban,
Doth show to thy body
More mercy than man.*

*Yet, though frozen and cold,
Thou art fair even now,
With the snow on thy breast
And the scars on thy brow,
And the balm of the spring-time,
The dew and the rain,
Shall woo back the marks
Of thy beauty again.*

—John R. Groves.



NED BUNTLINE

TEXAS JACK

BUFFALO BILL

In the Wild West play written by Ned Buntline

Your friend
~~Ed. Hudson~~

How is Chance
Hutcheon or my dear old
friend Al Dunning?

Yours ever
Hudson

NED BUNTLINE'S HAND

(From a letter written to C. H. Bennett,
Raquette Lake, N. Y.)



GHOST STORIES

Henry van Hoesenberg telling one
of his Adirondack stories
by the camp-fire

AN HOROLOGICAL REVENGE

HENRY VAN HOEVENBERG.

IT seemed to me as I passed it on the way to my room, that there was something sinister about the face of that clock, and I paused for an instant to examine it. At first sight its resemblance to a human face was startling, but this illusion vanished on a closer inspection. To be sure, the hands, pointing at twenty minutes past eight, formed a very fair mouth; the two winding holes answered well for eyes, and the center pivot was a short and chunky nose. But it was nothing but a "grandfather's clock" after all, though the tallest one that I had ever seen. It stood at the end of the hall, not very far from my door. My room was a fine one, at the corner of the building, and possessed three windows; it was one of the best in the house. With a short laugh at my fancies, I opened my door and passed into my room.

I was on my way into the Adirondack wilderness, stopping at the little hotel over night: the next morning my guide would be waiting for me, and we would plunge into the thick forest. I was tired after the long stage ride, and the longer and hotter railway journey, and intended

to retire early and get a good night's sleep. I hurried to bed, and was soon snoozing.

What was that? Tick—then an interminable interval, during which all my nerves all turned edgewise—tack. Then a long pause, which I spent straining my hearing for the next sound, fearing and dreading it—tick—was some one doing it with a hammer on my door, or, worse yet, with a club on the top of my head?

No, it was only that infernal clock, just outside my door. It was unbearable. I hated to hear a clock tick, anyway, and this was the most intolerable that ever assaulted my poor ears. *Now* I knew what that fiendish grin meant, on its face. It continued with its slow, monotonous, raucous sound, like driving pegs into my brain. I tossed from side to side of my bed trying in vain not to let it disturb me, and using up all of my philosophy in the effort. But it was of no use. Sometimes I would drop asleep between the ticks, only to awake with a start when the next explosion came.

Oh, this was not to be borne. I jumped out of bed, opened the door a little way, and reconnoitered. There was no one stirring, the house was dark and still, save for the shaft of moonlight that came in at the window. I softly pulled the door of the clock open, and stopped the pendulum, realizing perfectly how a burglar feels as he “cracks” a safe.

I resumed my bed, and was asleep in no time.

Heavens—was that Big Ben, sounding an alarm for all London in flames. Boom-m-m, boom-m-m, boom-m-m—

It was that diabolical clock striking ten—that clock which I had stopped with my own hand.

Oh, well. Some one on their way to bed (although I had heard no one pass along the hall) had noticed that it had stopped and had started it. That must be the explanation. I would stop it again, and it was so late now (for I knew that the other inmates of the house retired early), that no one would be likely to notice it, especially as the hall was now dark. I did so, and almost instantly dropped asleep.

Boom-m-m, boom-m-m, boom-m-m!

Exasperated and bewildered, I counted each stroke. Eleven. Can a clock strike when it isn't running? I queried to myself? Tick—tack. No, it was going.

It must be that I had not held the pendulum still long enough. It must have had a little motion which gradually increased until it swung regularly. This time I would be sure that it had stopped.

I held the rod until I was certain that it had not the slightest motion. Then I went back to bed. It was some time before I could get asleep, as I was so thoroughly worked up.

Boom-m-m, boom-m-m, boom-m-m! I sat on

the edge of my bed, trembling with rage. Twelve o'clock! I struck a match and looked at my watch. Yes, it was midnight, *and the clock was running!*

I revolved different methods of effectually stopping a clock, in my mind. Who ever heard of a clock that would start itself, anyway? Lots of clocks stop themselves, but to start of its own accord—!

A sledgehammer smashing the works would be one way. Yes, or a dynamite cartridge with an extremely short fuse, inserted under the dial.

There was another way, however, much easier and just as certain. I opened the door of the timepiece, deftly unhooked the pendulum bob, took it to my room and put it underneath the things in my valise, which I locked, putting the bunch of keys under my pillow.

“Now,” I said to myself, “if that thing starts itself again I will throw it out of the window, if it takes every cent I have in the world to pay for it!”

But it didn't.

When I awoke, the sunlight was streaming in at the window, and there was only just time to dress before breakfast.

There was a merry party of girls at the next table to mine, and one of them had just been asked how she had slept.

“Slept!” she exclaimed. “I haven’t passed such a miserable night for weeks. It has taken me nearly a month to get used to the ticking of that clock just across the hall from my door, and now I can’t sleep unless it is running. Last night it kept stopping in the most unaccountable manner. I started it three times, but the fourth time it wouldn’t go. Seemed to be something the matter with it. I hope there isn’t any one in this house ugly enough to stop a clock!”

I imagined she glanced at me as she spoke. Do you suppose she thought for a moment that *I* had anything to do with it?

I wonder!

* * * * *

We were deep in the woods, four days’ travel from the hotel. While relating the incident to my guide, a horrible suspicion smote me. I opened my valise, which the guide was carrying. The pendulum bob was still there.



THE MOVING PICTURE SHOW



I DROPPED into the moving picture show the other night. It only costs a nickel. A nickel is the price of a glass of beer. Some prefer the beer—it depends something on whether you like to have your wife and children enjoy things with you or prefer the racier atmosphere of the bar. On the whole it appears to me these five-cent theatres are as a rule wholesome and tend to good.

This particular show had many interesting features. Besides the illustrated songs—which really harmed no one except the super-musical—there were the figures of prancing knights and ladies fair of crafty villians, peresecuted maids and—finally—triumphant lovers; cute dogs and humanly intelligent monkeys; fakirs and transformation workers; runaway horses that made wrecks of street stands generally; the nervous old gentleman who was continuously getting into trouble with different people until with a rabble of hundreds streaming after him and everyone in the audience becoming a part of the

shouting crowd, he was finally overtaken and submerged in the preposterous flood.

Then there was a prizefight. That isn't what they call it now I believe. It doesn't sound nice or conform to the law. It was an "exhibition of sparring," where the men have on padded gloves so that they can not hurt each other, really although if you didn't know they were so protected you might think from certain actions and expressions that the experience was not altogether pleasant. It is purely educational—that's the word—educational! You are simply looking at the representation of what is past and over. It shows all motions, the dancing and dodging, the punching and the slugging, without the unpleasant thuds and grunts and dirt and bloor. Of course there must be a little blood to make it interesting to the arriving generation who have passed beyond the moving picture stage and want the real thing for their money and there is quite a difference between paying five cents to see the shadow where it cost five dollars per to see the go in earnest; besides, to begin with, the real thing might prove a little too strong for a mixed audience of the inexperienced, and perhaps be a little sickening, but this is all right for women and children, and the boys before they come to the manly estate.

It is the star event of the entertainment and

was pulled off in regular rounds with seconds to rub and fan and a burly umpire to see that the gloves were properly padded—not too much you know so as to become bungling, but just right—and call time and see that the go was strictly within the rules of the ring as made and provided.

First off the heroes shook pads to show it was all in a friendly spirit then stuck out their chins and went at each other hammer and tongs. It isn't now like the old days of Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, when the brutal sport of "prize fighting" was in vogue and against the law, when there was much sparring and an occasional blow, but now goes like a whirlwind with a punch and a jab to face, to breast, to rib, to neck, to chin or solar plexus for a knockout and one could almost fancy they could hear the whacks and the pantings, and see the dripping sweat and blood and the gradual weakening of one who took his punishment like a little man, but was finally counted out, when striving vainly to get his feet while the conqueror stood ready to hand him a knockout blow if he succeeded. It was exceedingly realistic. I believe one girl fainted and had to be run out for air, but she was a sickly little thing anyway and couldn't stand much.

Not so the boys.

"Gee! But dat was a good 'un," said an enthusiastic youth in the alley-crowd as the theatre emptied.

"Huh! What do youse know about such tings? You ain't nothin' " said another.

"Anyway I know a lot of fellers dat could put you out quicker he did him," was the reply.

"Well you ain't one of 'em," comes quickly back.

"You're a liar and I have a dollar dat says so on de side."

"You're another an I'll double de stakes!"

"I'm yer man! Put up er shet up," yells the other and the crowd swarmed out toward the back lots.

It is purely educational—quite so in truth. Some do not approve of the sport, or the showing of the pictures, but such lose view of the fact that the law which prohibits prize fights, permits sparring exhibitions and the city that hasn't one or two sporting clubs where the real thing is provided is far behind the times.

* * * * *

It is something like the race-track business—according to which side of the fence you are on.

* * *
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*

V A L E

EDITORIAL.



WITH THIS NUMBER the "ADIRONDACK MONTHLY" quits the race; drops out; expires. It came to time when something such as it has aimed to be seemed needed. It has worked conscientiously to the end, with the disposition to meet an obvious need with the full hope and belief that support would be given sufficient for its necessities. That such recognition did not come from the mass is not said complainingly, only in explanation. Words of commendation from the appreciative few have eased the position and much was done enthusiastically for love of the cause, but kind words from the appreciative do not pass current for paper and printing when pay-day comes. The burden was heavy but has been cheerfully borne and is laid down now with infinite regret and only as a matter of necessity after the amount dedicated to the work has long been exhausted and physical endurance strained to the limit in an effort to carry this with other absolutely necessary work to the neglect of what some would consider more important duties. It is not laid aside care-

lessly or without effort to have it continued for there is need and it was believed arrangements had been made to have the "MONTHLY" continued worthily by other earnest and more capable hands from philanthropic motives but at the last Business Sense had the call and Almost-persuaded Philanthropy went into the discard. Suggestions as to change of policy and inducements under other conditions have been offered, but consistency is a jewel. Better honorable failure than a questionable success. The "ADIRONDACK MONTHLY" goes down with its boots on and face to the foe.

That it was not a meteor I freely admit. Its mission was to restrain, not excite; to save, not scintillate. Some good it undoubtedly has done. It has voiced the sentiments of the real friends of the wilderness as against those who would spoil. It stood in the way of the Flamboyant Parade, a protest against bandwagon methods of diverting attention from the real question at issue. It had its say about the attempted Rape of the Mountains and has the blessed assurance that it made some of the would-be looters quite uncomfortable. If a man is honored by the enemies he makes the "ADIRONDACK MONTHLY" is not unworthy of a niche in the Hall of Fame. It stood unequivocally against the opening of the Forest Preserve at a time when the public press generally looked upon

the question as simply a side issue and with ear to the ground and in the interests of fair play held its columns open for contributions from both sides—one side at least ready to pay for space at regular rates.. Then came a general awakening in public sentiment, and in spite of the money interests back of the Malby-Merritt O'Neil water storage bill the attempted grab lacked strength to break out of the legislative committee to which it was referred.

It is a matter of ancient history that in September of 1906 the MONTHLY pointed out the absurdity of constructing numerous small storage reservoirs among the higher mountains inside the Forest Preserve as advocated by the organs of the lumber and pulpwood interests, instead of a single one on the lower level outside the Preserve which would gather and hold the water of all the others, and suggested the lower Sacondaga Valley as the ideal basin for the storage purposes, amplified and explained in succeeding issues. The final selection of this basin by the commission appointed, within the past year relieves the MONTHLY from the charge of “foolishly unpractical.”

Yet before closing over the book accept a last word of warning. Do not for a moment imagine the question of water storage on state land is dead. It is only playing possum. There is too much money visible in lumber and pulpwood,

standing so fresh and beautiful on the mountains, to allow the question of high storage reservoirs (which is simply a question of flood-supply to carry these same logs down through the smaller streams to available mills) to rest. In constant vigilance only is protection to the forests.

Concerning the infamy of the game law the MONTHLY made a radical stand. Not against the killing of game but the killing of *men*. For a time it stood alone. It was denied the honor of being an "organ" though credited as a necessary part—the crank. William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, John Brown—all cranks. *Any* man who devotes himself to matters that do not show a profitable return of dollars is a crank. Through the icy reserve of an uncertain press and the torrid adjectives of doubting friends it persisted. Later came tardy words of approval, then *sub rosa* encouragement, and finally, resolutions endorsing the "*Safe and Sane Law*" proposed by the MONTHLY, adopted at a mass meeting called for that purpose at Blue Mountain Lake, signed by ninety-three men representing almost the entire voting population of the town, with the request that it be carried to the legislature as a protest against the proposed new law or renewal of the old along old lines.

The Question?

Shall the law prohibiting the use of dogs in the pursuit of deer be persisted in in face of the fact that during the open season *eight men were shot and killed in mistake for deer*. Here is the list:

Jack Wiltse,
 Otto Fasolit, Jr.,
 Martin Clohassy,
 Edward Clohassy,
 William Durgan,
 Orin Potter,
 Richard F. Forbes,
 John E. Morgan,

And O'Hara of Fulton chain who lingered on into 1908. Nine men all told, who were "*mistaken for deer*."

Who'll be the first in 1908 ?

Mistakes of the novice?

In nearly every instance the shooting was by men experienced in the handling of guns, else perhaps the men who suffered would have had some chance of escaping their all too deadly aim.

Punishment for the crime?

Yes. Conscience. "My God—I've killed a man!" is the cry, vocal or mental. It was a "*mistake*" simply. Intent makes the crime. No one believes there was intent to kill in a single instance. Some time will happen a case

where there is doubt. Then the public will realize the iniquity of a law that makes such "accidents" possible—even common so that little interest is aroused—and decree a punishment suitable for what those who do not suffer directly from it, mildly condemn as "carelessness."

How about the widow and the fatherless?

Says Fred W. Smith of Blue Mountain Lake: *I know personally that the hunting season is a period of great anxiety to the guides and to their families . . . * . . * . . And how easy to kill an enemy during the hunting season!"*

The crime is in a law which, with the remedy at hand holds to a condition demanded by a coterie of moneyed sportsmen with a genius for shaping legislation, who would not have the royal sport of deer-hunting made too common. The use of dogs would open the way to its enjoyment by even the veriest amateur and fill the woods too full of eager greenhorns anxious for their respective pounds of flesh.

From Justice Henry D. Kellogg of Long Lake: *"I can remember when no such thing was ever heard of as a man being shot for a deer."* * * * *It has come to that point where the legislature should do something to stop the needless sacrifice of human life. In my opinion the only way it can be done is to allow the use of dogs."*

From Richard Bennett of Raquette Lake:
“If dogs were allowed to run deer it would, of course, prevent the killing of people still-hunting, but there would be a great many more deer killed.”

How many deer may be fairly considered as the equivalent of nine human lives?

Is the Sport worth the price?

Given an equal number of hunters, would more deer be killed with dogs than without? Dogs make the deer wild and they seek the deeper forests. Old hunters agree that under present conditions more deer can be killed still-hunting than by pursuing with hounds.

Why?

Oh, still-hunter! Noble sportsman, you who have passed as the mighty nimrods who could stalk the fleet deer to his death—get not too chesty. In the ten and a half months of protection the deer sees only a friend in man. Driving in the Adirondacks within the past month I saw deer who seemed to think it unnecessary to run away. They simply jumped out of the road and stood watching in plain view until we had passed. What credit to kill a creature like this? They have been learning that there is no harm in man, and have become as sheep. Then, suddenly, the season opens and, without warning they can understand, their friend turns and shoots them down. Which is the

nobler: to get their confidence by protection, then turn and kill, or to give fair warning by honest open pursuit with their loud-voiced enemy the dog?

The time for the opening of the season is near. The law is practically the same as last year except that hunters must take out licenses. \$1 for residents of the state and \$20 for outsiders is near enough right but the rule applied indiscriminately to people who live permanently in the Adirondacks where boys of ten are expert hunters, is bound to fill the woods with poachers and make of three-fourths of the population violators of the law.

“Stand by us and we’ll see you through when the right time comes,” said a guide to me recently at Raquette Lake. *“Hounding is all right and safe but the sports that come regular and pay us our little \$4.00 per don’t want the woods filled with cheap skates. Savy?”*

Every licensed guide should be a game protector under the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, not necessarily to spy on other guides but to see that the law is not violated in his presence under penalty of revocation of license. Members of the Guides’ Association as a rule have a high standard of honor and pride in their profession. It would be safe to trust this matter in their hands.

As for "standing by them" I trust the old story may be continued to the end. Though the MONTHLY drops out for the time, there is no law to prevent its renewal if the need seems as pressing as at its birth.

It is not easy to sever pleasant relations cemented by time. Exchanges have become as old friends in their weekly and monthly visits. Many have spoken words of commendation, others have come with possibly excessive praise, some shown their appreciation by accepting thought and language and setting them forth superbly without revealing their humble origin, but, one and all, will be missed for duty compels me now to say, cross the ADIRONDACK MONTHLY off your exchange list, for there can be no more returns.

For once it comes as a pleasant thought that many are in arrears. If such recognize the debt as an honest one it will be a pleasure to be able to mark it paid. Subscribers who have paid in advance will receive return in proportion to unexpired term.

At your hands, friends, one and all, I ask simply credit for doing what is right according to my light.

Sincerely,

S. R. STODDARD.

Glens Falls, August 15, 1908.

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 Bald Mountain House. \$2.50-\$4. C. M. Barrett, Old Forge, N. Y.
 Cohasset. \$2. Josiah A. Wood, Old Forge, N. Y.
 Eagle Bay Hotel. \$3. W. A. Preston, Eagle Bay, N. Y.
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 The Algonquin. \$4. John Harding, Saranac Lake.
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 Watch Rock Hotel. \$3.50. George Cecil, Schroon L., N. Y.
 Grove Point House. \$3.50 up. W. A. McKenzie, Schroon Lake.
 Leland House. \$17.50-\$28. C. T. Leland, Mgr., Schroon Lake.

SARATOGA.

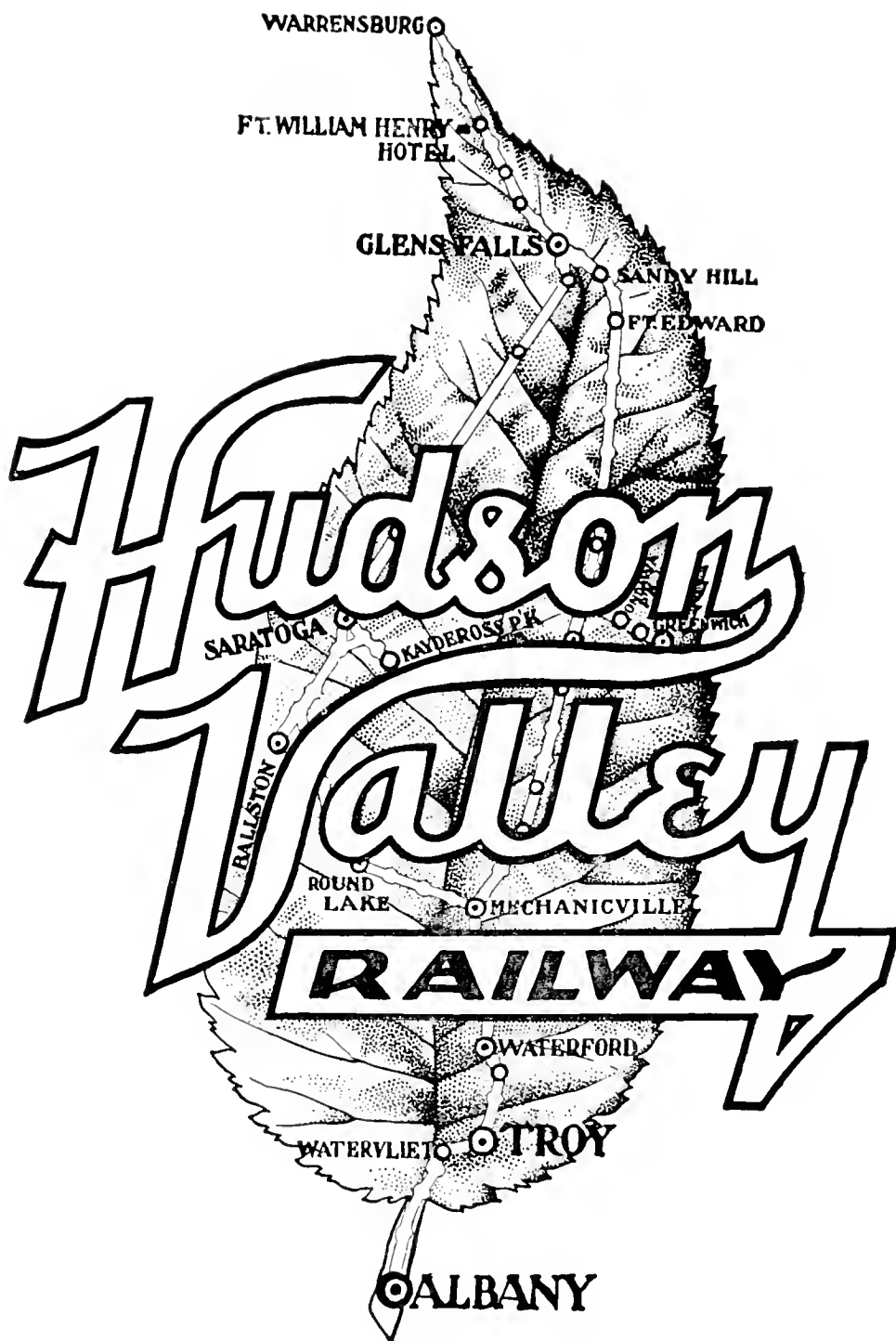
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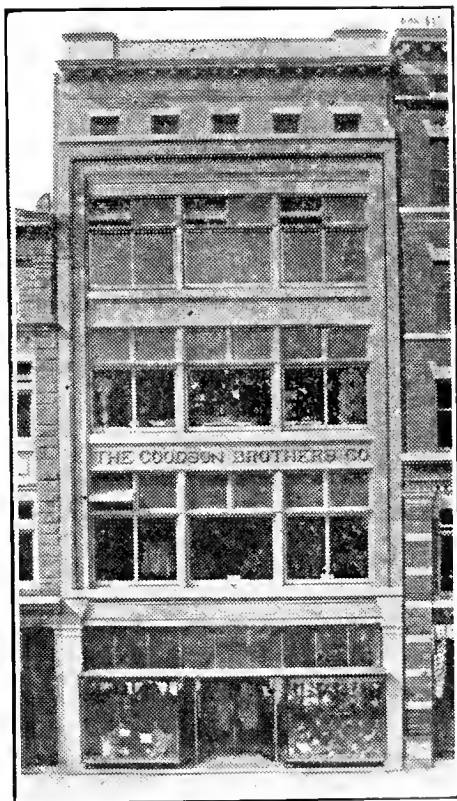
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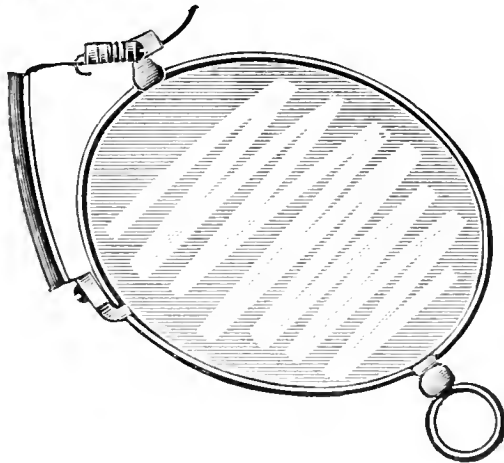
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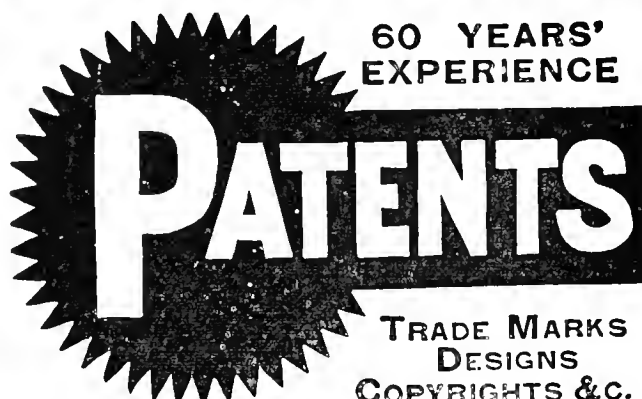
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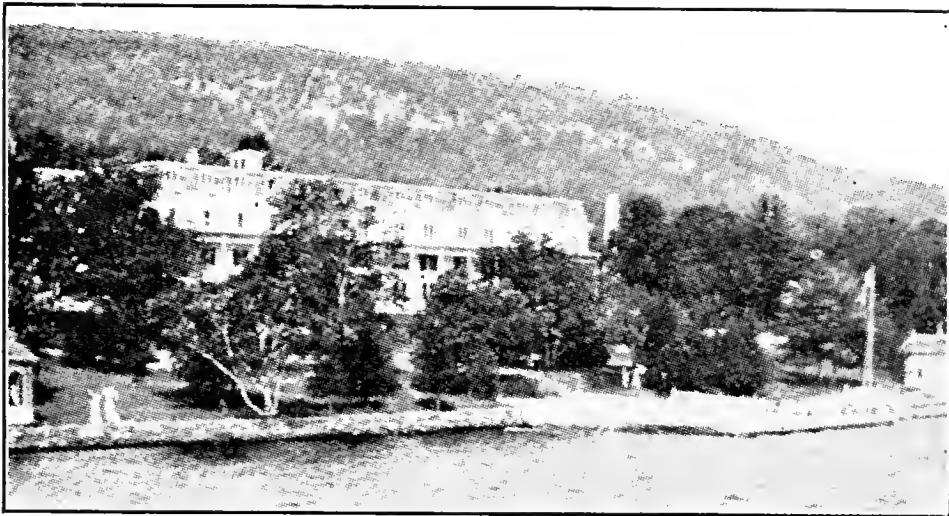
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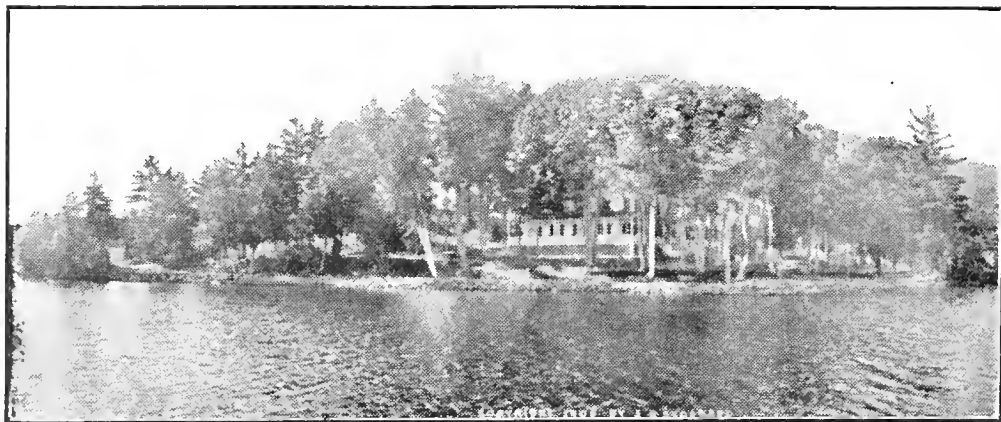
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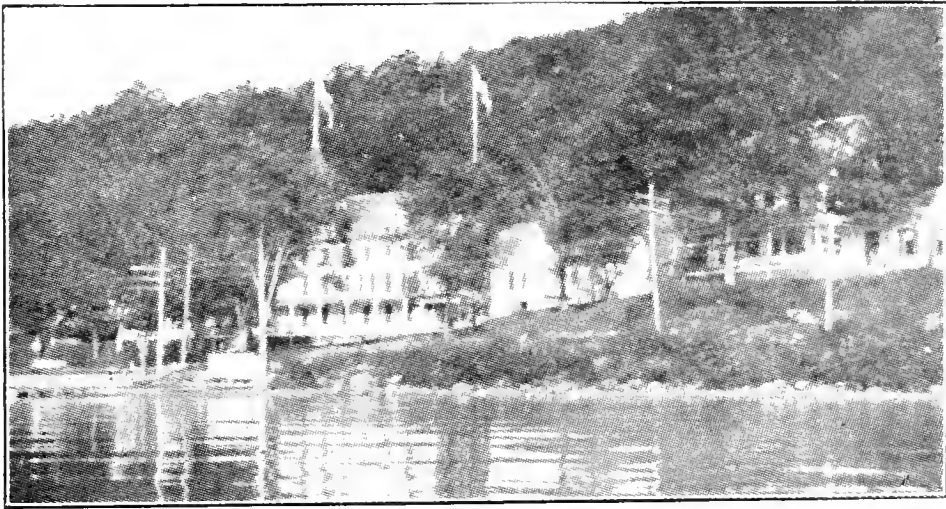
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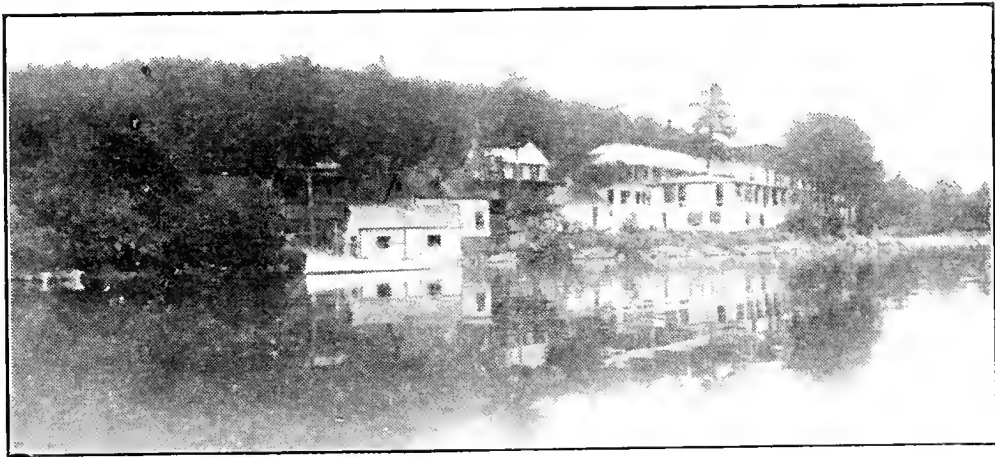
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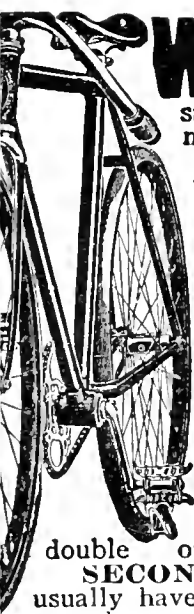
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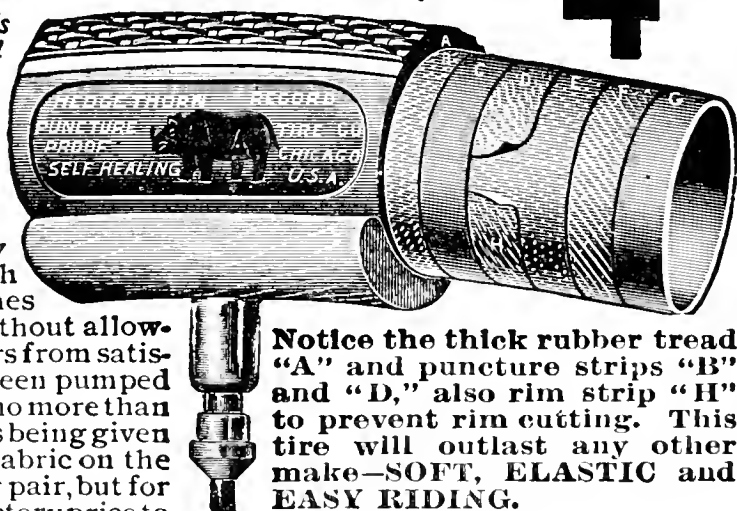
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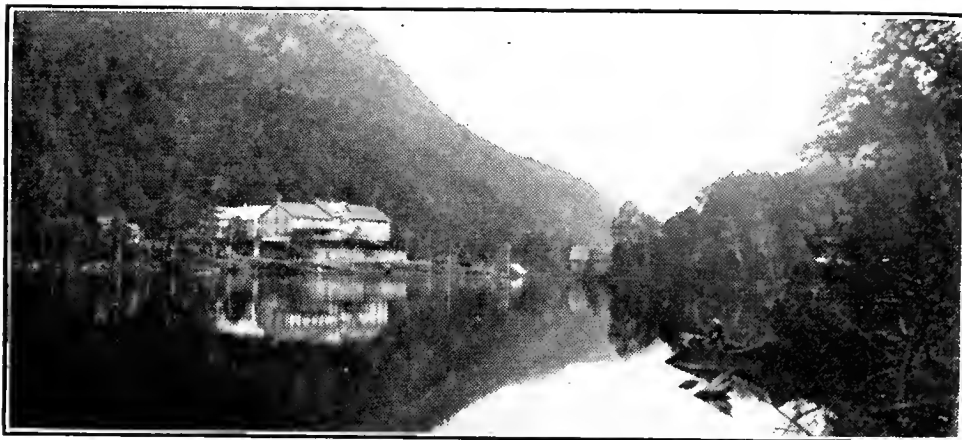
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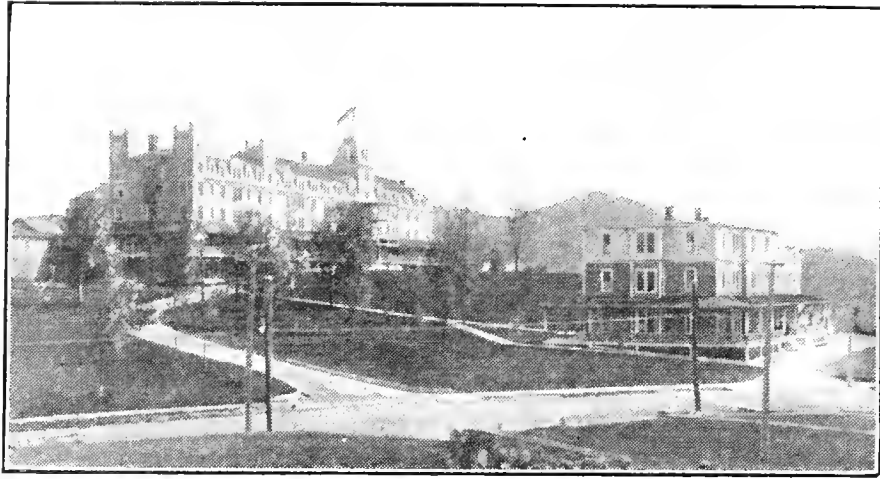
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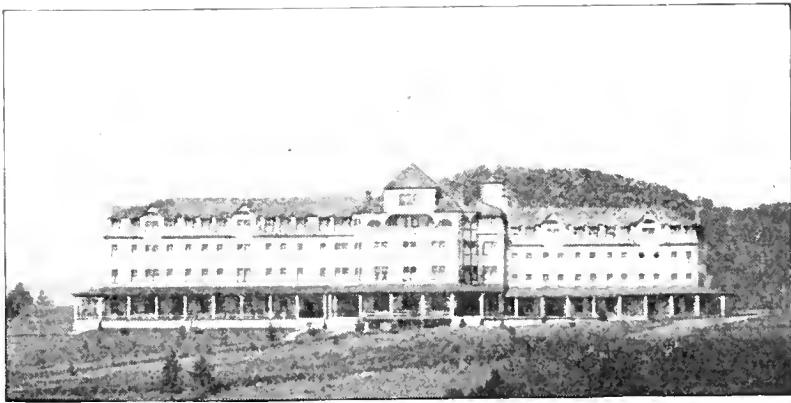
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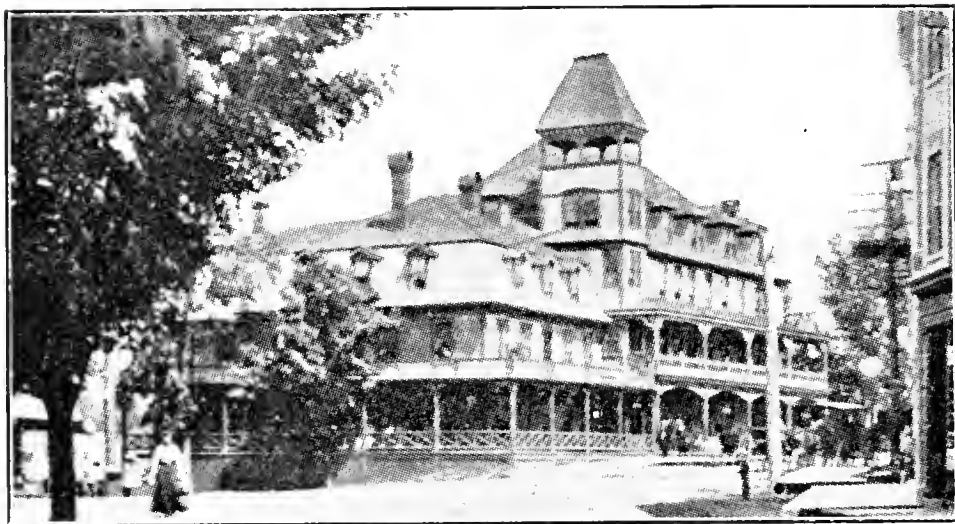
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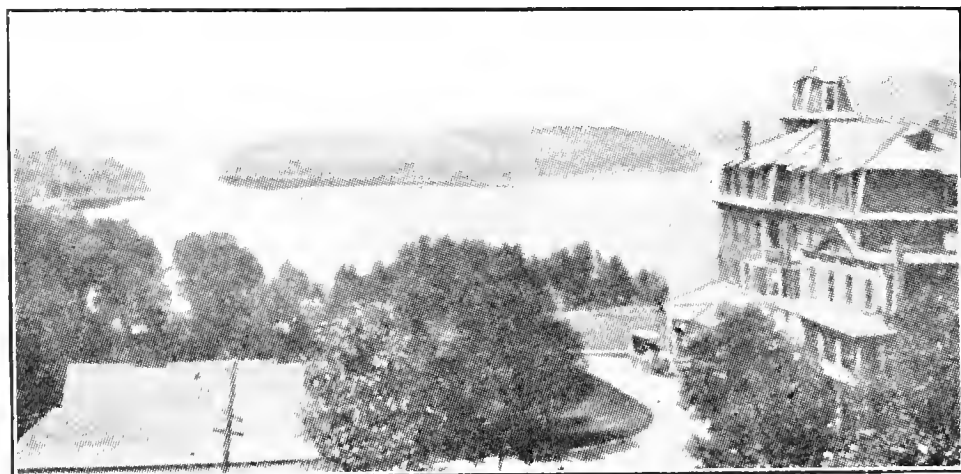
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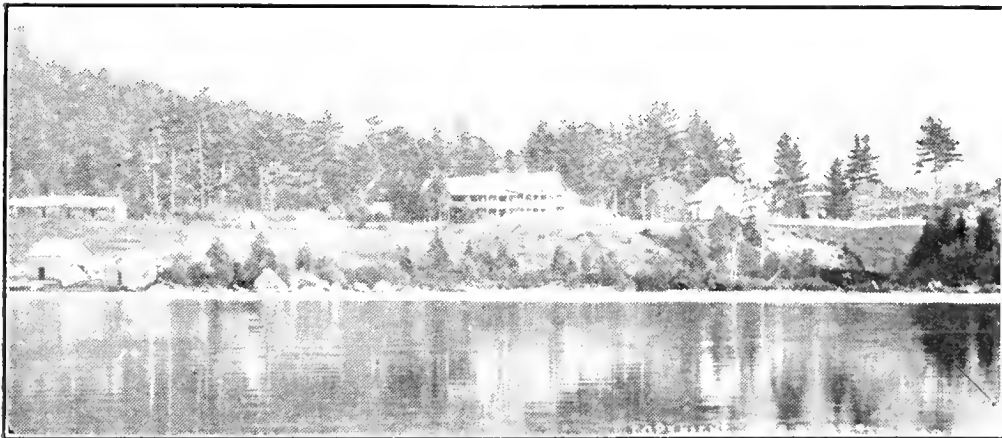
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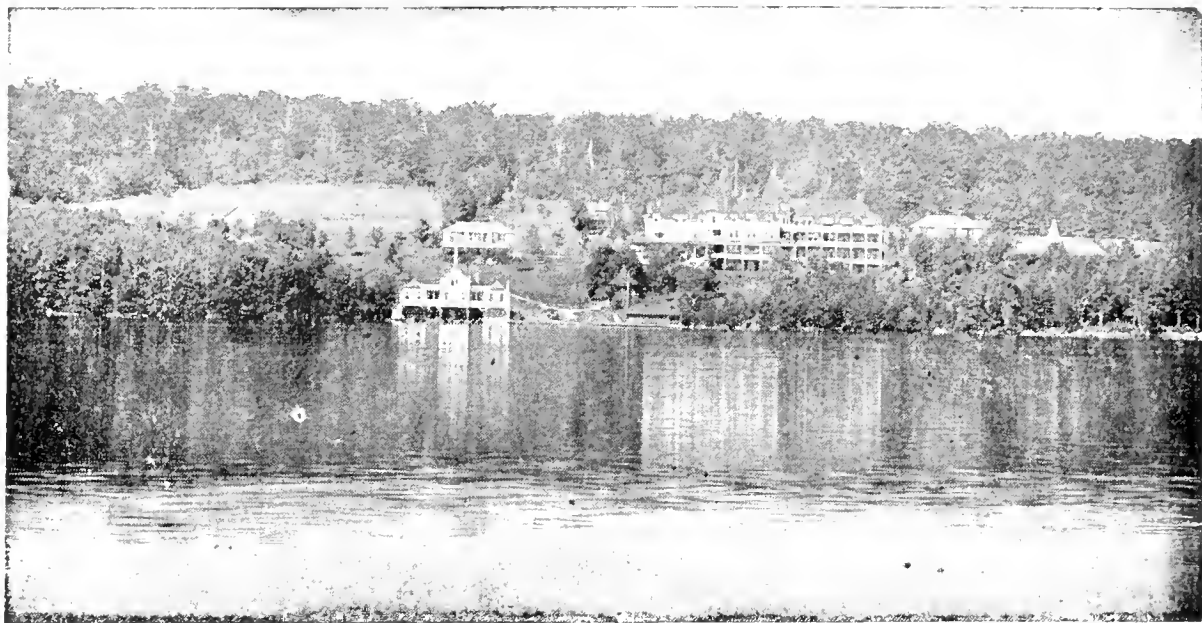


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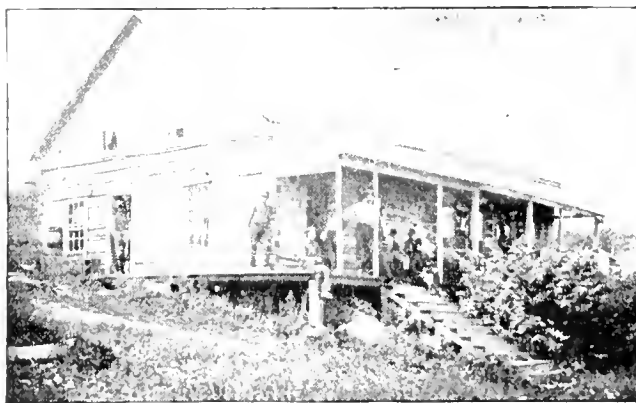
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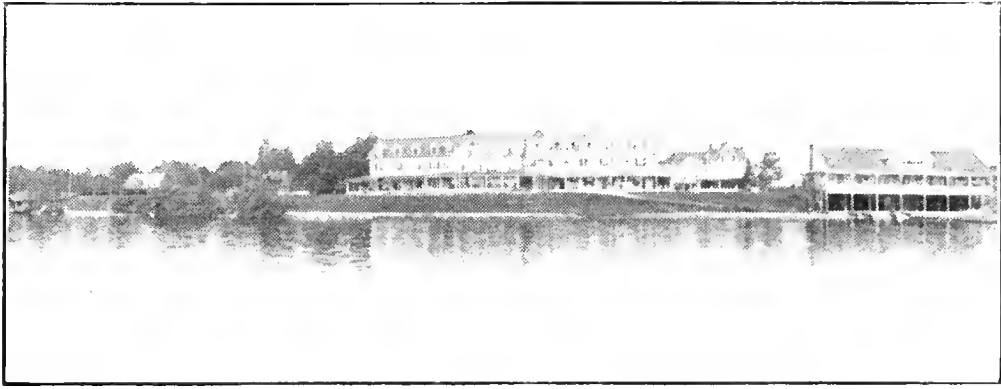
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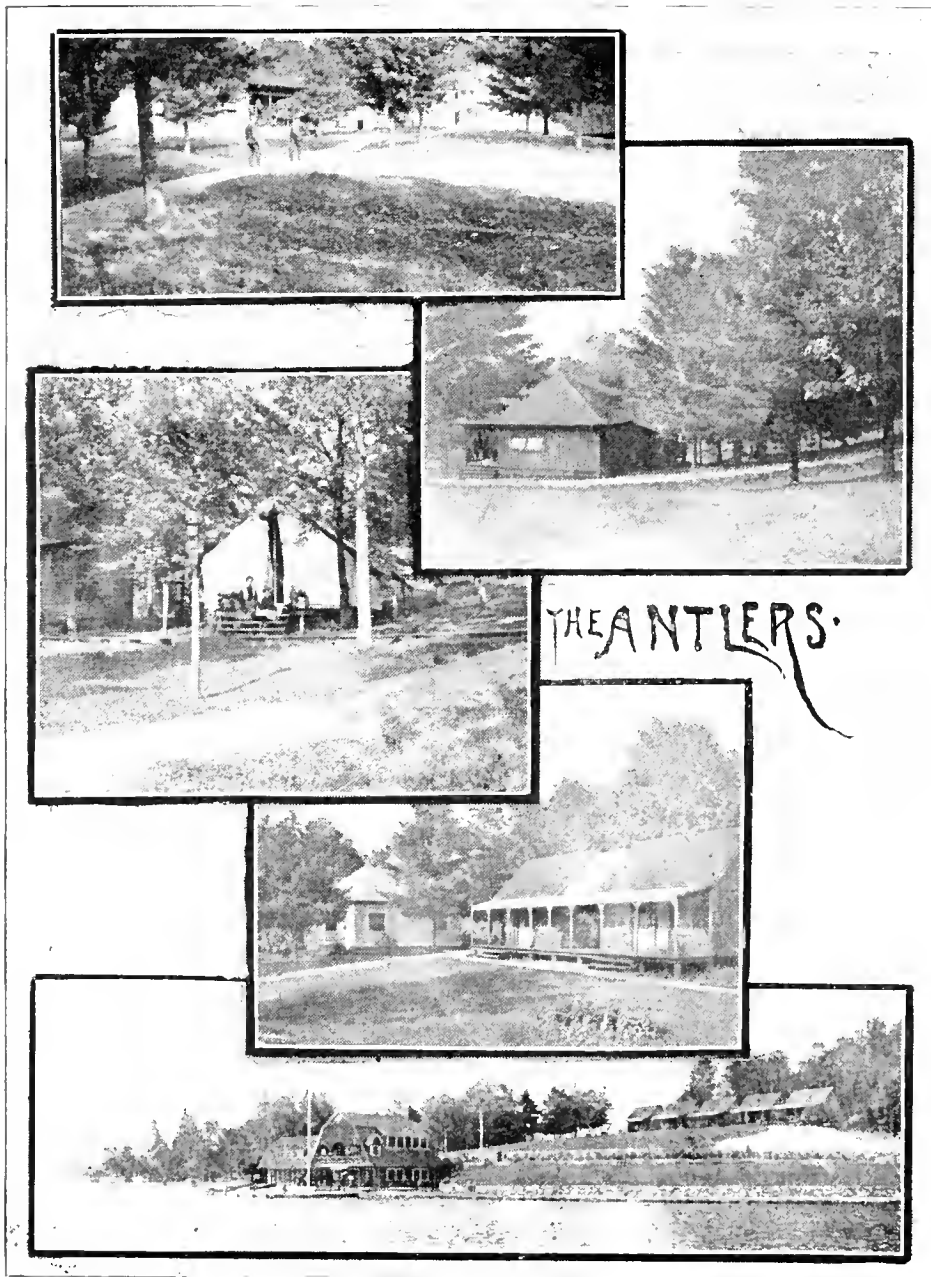
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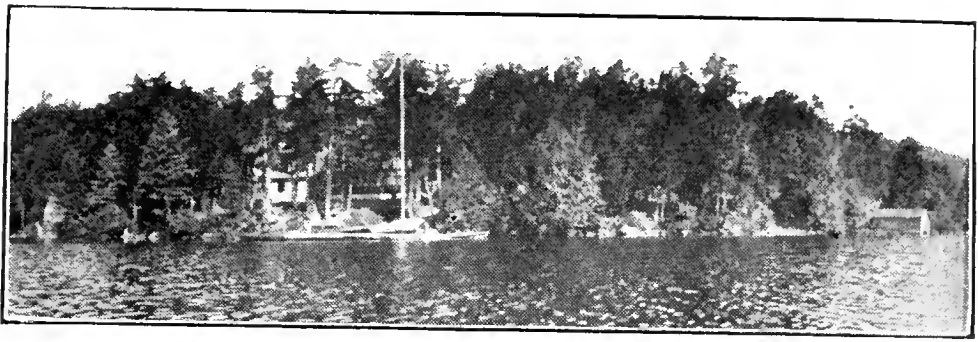
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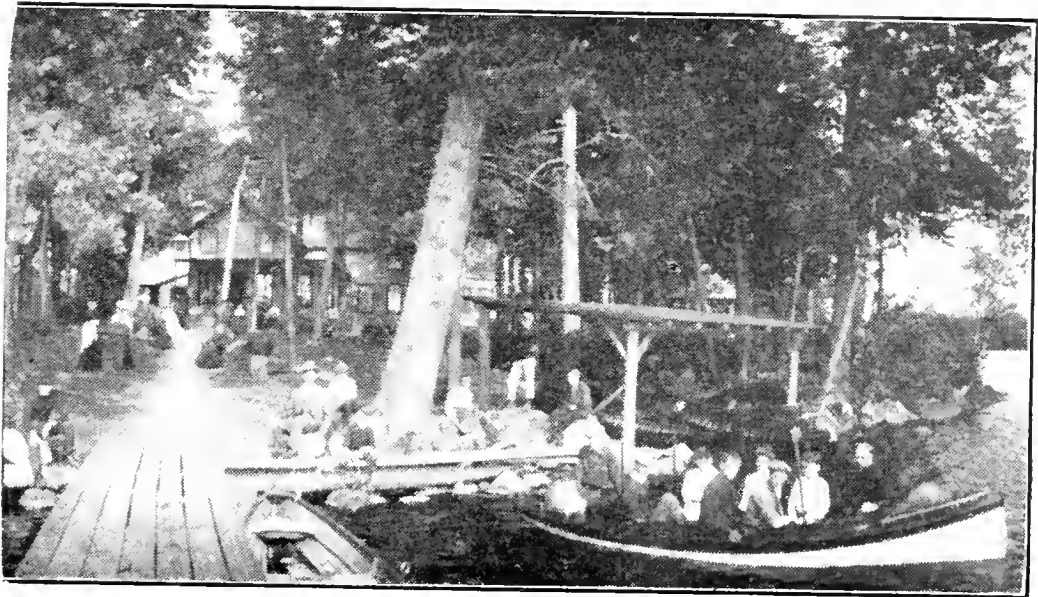
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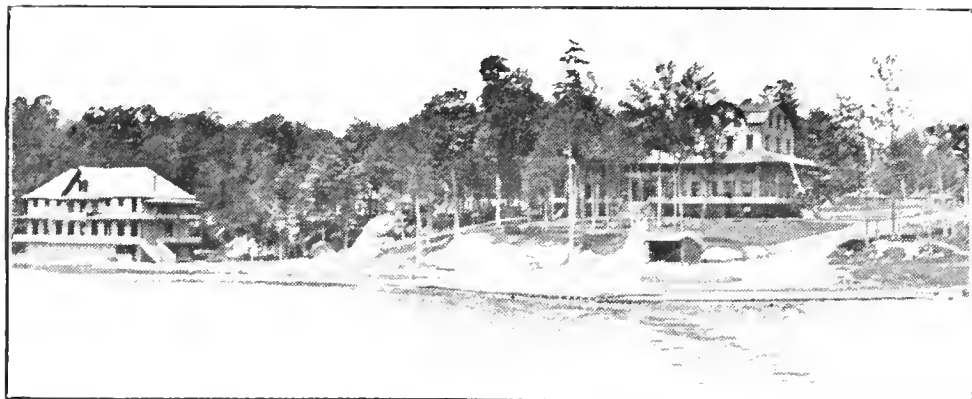
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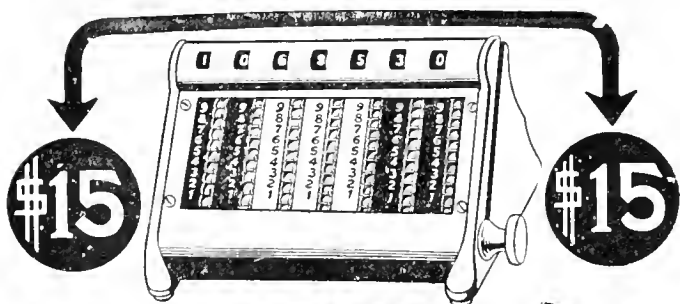
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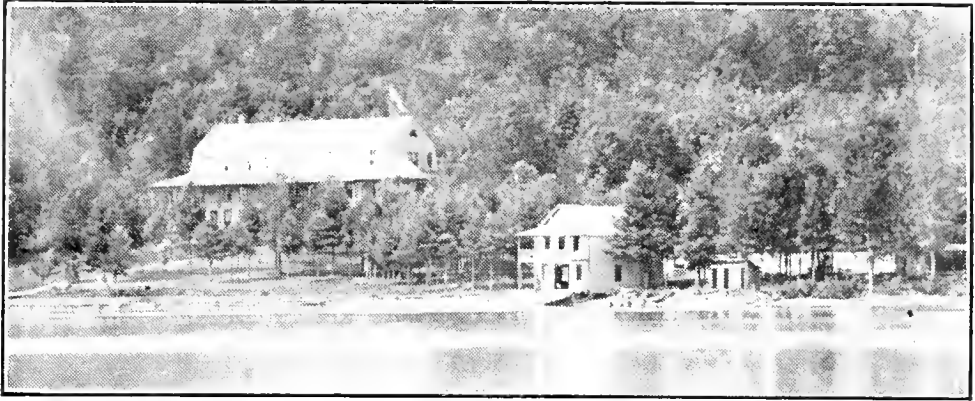
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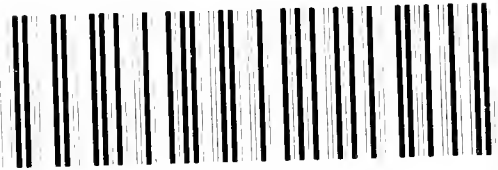
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